

IDA, COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN.

Sibyl, an Autobiography. By IDA, COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN.

In the circles of that exclusive society, whose principal representatives and interpreters Madame von Paalzow and the Countess Hahn-Hahn are generally considered to be, life must be the prey of a terrible mental vacuity, if we are to regard Sibyl as an accurate and faithful delineation. The author presents to us in the heroine of this book, a character which is drawn with perfect consistency and with a masterly hand; but which, with its distaste for all that life contains; with its unhealthy longing for another existence, which shall be subject to no change; with its unceasing torment of never, in the separate phases of life, being able to reach that which is "fixed, eternal, everlasting;" with its cold reason, which, instead of adapting itself to the various occurrences of life, analyzes and dissects them, and then, plucking them to pieces, casts them away, like the leaves of a flower in whose calyx it has discovered a hideous worm; — this, we say, is a consistent character, but one which must rest upon a foundation unsatisfactory to the individual, unable to afford any resting-place for the soul, which, in striving after the true contents of life, is hurled out upon the dark shapeless ocean of abstractions, and there is shipwrecked, or left to slowly waste away in body and soul, and at last to perish. That which life really contains does not satisfy such a character as this; in all it sees but change, mutability; and yet in its own spirit it seeks that which is eternal, and which cannot and must not change.

In this state of things we see only the result of the progress of events. It could not be otherwise in those circles which shut themselves off from the movements of the people, which take no part in the mental development of the age, but allow their life to be rooted down to antiquated forms, derive their sustenance from the dews of a night which is passed, and keep their eyes fixed back upon that which has been left behind; whereas those circles, upon whom now depends the balance of the course of events, to whom the future progress of mankind has been committed, are turning their eyes to the dawning light of day, and gazing with hope and joy into futurity. It is Janus, whose old face represents the nobility with its feudal and patriarchal forms, while the young and cheerful countenance stands for the citizens, or rather, for the people, which is preparing itself for its free institutions. It could not

be otherwise than that life in those circles should be afflicted with a fearful hollowiness, and should wander forth unsteady and full of longing in quest of some object to which it might fasten its tempest-tossed bark — an object which it never could find so long as it continued to steer its old course. The perpetuity which Sibyl is in search of is a phantom, an empty shadow, which has no existence in individual forms and occurrences. This is the great failing in the character of Sibyl, who prides herself upon her philosophy, that in particular objects she seeks an eternity for particular feelings, while these are, by their very nature, perishable, and are possessed of eternity only in so far as they are parts of a great whole, which is itself eternal only in the constant succession of its separate parts. That change and mutability in temporal things which casts down this Sibyl, would raise her up, and fill her with a joyful consciousness that it is just herein that the rational development of the human mind and of the whole world consists, and that individual life and individual longings have the universal spirit for their mighty base. The life by which Sibyl is surrounded does not suit her; it has no main-spring, no definite aim; individuals become wearisome to her, and she casts them off like useless things, and seeks further and further, from one person to another, but does not find the repose for which she pants. And the reason of this is that she clings to the individual and tries there to discover the eternity she desires, instead of taking her stand upon eternal ideas and principles, and then seeking for these in the individual characters. But how could it be otherwise? The soil which bore her no longer contains a single vigorous idea, and she could not but share the lot of her order, which has been pushed out of its place by the modern age, and now, forsaken by the universal spirit, exhausts itself in individual efforts, which are but hastening its annihilation.

The work is written with much talent, and with strict consistency; but yet on the whole it wearies; the same motives are constantly exhibited; no new factors are introduced during the development of the story; the whole is brought into the one focus; every thing ceases. The separate scenes are variations upon this one theme, until at last there is no longer a trace of sorrow, of grief, or of compassion in the heart of Sibyl, until she lives without interest in herself, without even caring for her death; until she exclaims "no thought is unchanging, no sensation

is lasting, no will is continuing, no feeling is immutable; wishes expire in their fulfilment, desire in its gratification, pain in exhaustion, joy in satiety, happiness in wearisomeness, — in short, every thing in our imperfection."

This lady could not have arrived at these unhealthy ideas until she had fully tasted the charms of life, and become satiated with them, until she had passed through a life without aim or principle, and had found it to be a failure; these expressions show her to be as thoroughly "blasée," as it is possible for an unhealthy and excitable mind to be, after having, without the exercise of will or strength, worked its way through an aimless life. He who does not represent or seek to carry out any definite idea, to him life must necessarily appear like the lazy drone's existence, which may come to an end, it matters not how or when. If we believe these ideas, as they come to light in Sibyl, to proceed from the exclusive circles of which we have spoken, then we may find in the work, better perhaps than elsewhere, a picture of a state of things which externally may still appear to exist, but whose inward spirit, that which gave to it being and life, has fled, and whose mental emptiness it is difficult to conceal.

Therese,* in her book called "Worldly Happiness," has likewise depicted this mental weariness of the higher ranks; but she has also portrayed, as opposed to it, the natural happiness which is enjoyed in families of the middle classes. Significantly she says, — "Fortune has inflicted secret, gnawing privations, as punishments, upon those who are called her favored children. Most frequently the heart has to pay for the good things of outward happiness; there for the most part joy is a sorrow, enjoyment a caprice, and etiquette the aim of life."

Sibyl was born amid the green fields of Holstein; her mother was a rich heiress, her father a nobleman. In her ancestral castle she grew up, the playmate of her elder brother, and it was but seldom that she saw any strange faces. Her father, brother, and sister died within a short time, and her mother became subject to bodily and mental infirmity. The instability of life was here most strikingly forced upon her notice, and hence she argued that the permanence of feelings was a law of nature. These were her reflections at the age of ten years. At sixteen she became the betrothed of Paul, who had been the lover of her sister. He found her understanding quite uncultivated, but loved her for her liveliness and

quickness of perception. She writes — "Out of the twilight of existence, without a dawn, without a sunrise, without the genial warmth of morning, I suddenly emerged into the burning rays of mid-day; and passion awoke before the faculty of love had ripened."

Of a journey, which she now undertook, she says, — "Until now I have found the world and the enjoyments of travelling far beneath my expectations. Nothing has surprised me, except the celebration of High Mass at Würzburg, and that Sedlaczeh prayed; every thing else I had imagined more beautiful."

After her marriage Sibyl performed another journey with her husband, who loved her and humored her whims. For this she first pitied and then despised him, inasmuch as she was in search of characters which she might always admire, enjoyments which might offer permanent satisfaction. They visited Paris, Florence, Rome, and Sorento. She quitted Paris satiated with society, Rome satiated with the fine arts, in order to become at Sorento satiated with love, the love of Paul, whom she already despised. In London she instituted comparisons between the English nobility and that of Germany, and utters the following reflections, which contain a great deal of truth: —

"Because the English aristocracy never closes its ranks, and readily receives men of true and genuine merit, whatever may be their origin, it is a thoroughly organic institution, which has taken root in the hearts of the people, in the very soil of the land, the noblest elements of which it has worthily incorporated with itself. It has not been mummified into a caste, but fresh juices and youthful blood are ever pouring into it, and because it is so vigorous therefore it is popular, for it inspires confidence. In Germany the aristocracy has not understood this noble and wise position, and the sale of patents of nobility has completed its degradation. Hence it is unpopular; hence the source of new vital powers has dried up."

Yes; and these circumstances have made of Sibyl, and of thousands more, sickly beings, who no longer feel any interest in any thing in the world, because they feel themselves to be without aim in life. In four years a reckless course of extravagance had brought the young couple to the verge of bankruptcy. In London Sibyl became acquainted with a German poet, Othert von Astrau, who aspired to her love, but was at first received by her with indifference; when however her friend Arabella remarked that Sibyl might bind Othert in everlasting chains, the word everlasting lighted up a flame in her breast. He accompanied them on a new journey and Sibyl was entirely taken up with him, when at Malaga he parted from them. Returning to Holstein

* This is the "nom de guerre" of Madame de Bacharach; she is the daughter of a Russian nobleman, who holds a diplomatic appointment in one of the German States, but she has married and passed her life in Germany, and has lately risen to a distinguished place among female writers. — ED. DAG.

she gave birth to a daughter, and her husband shortly afterwards died suddenly. Sibyl relapsed into her reveries, her heart became quite deadened, and she resolved to travel again. In Italy she met with Otbart and consented to a union. The new husband insisted upon the departure of her former music master, Sedlaceh, who had hitherto been her companion, and whose devoted love for Sibyl had never been betrayed or acknowledged. Shortly afterwards she discovered that her husband rented a country house near Venice, where Arabella lived, who had already given birth to a daughter of which Otbart was the father. She paid a visit to her fiery rival, saw the child, and then went to England, after taking a solemn leave of her husband and saying to him, "I remain your wife in name; but if you ever wish to be free, I am ready to enable you to become so."

After this she began to clear her mind of the ruins of the past, and to store it with mathematics and ancient languages, while Otbart took no other notice of her than that he was incessantly importuning her for money. She adopted the child of Arabella, after its mother, forsaken by Otbart, had died of grief. Sedlaceh was summoned to England, and his passion developed itself in secret more and more, until he is accused of it by Otbart, who happens to be there on a visit, or rather for the purpose of extorting money, and Sedlaceh acknowledges his love for Sibyl. Although Sibyl felt herself strongly drawn towards him, although she declared that she should die if he left her, she yet told him that she did not understand his love, and said this in the spirit of enquiry, which made her wish to have a heart laid open before her, as though it were a subject for anatomy." Sedlaceh felt this contradiction and wished to depart, but she forcibly detained him, and then, after a mysterious interview, drove him out of her presence for ever.

After two years of bodily suffering, Sibyl undertook a voyage to Switzerland, having previously heard that Sedlaceh had entered a monastery; she there took a villa, and one day admitted a stranger who had met with a dangerous fall. Upon his recovery she learned that he was the Count Wilderich Wildeshausen. His disposition may be best learned from an answer which he made to Sibyl upon her expressing the opinion that the German nobility would become extinct, because it did not admit an accession of new vital elements: "God forbid," he exclaimed, "for then honor would be no more!" Wilderich loved Sibyl, while she thought that he was attached to her daughter, who in the meanwhile had grown up, and who conceived a deep passion for him. Benvenuta died, and Wilderich

never returned. Sibyl, after having arranged her affairs, dragged herself about two years longer, and closes with the acknowledgment, "I have not lived through my heart; it takes its vengeance, and I die in the heart——"

The book is full of striking thoughts; but the impression which it makes is necessarily depressing. There is nothing elevating, nothing exalting in being obliged to follow the course of a life, which is consumed without any plan, without any fixed idea, without any consciousness of the mission of man in the world.

We have hitherto taken a serious and critical view of the Countess Hahn-Hahn's "*Sibyl*," we are glad to be able to add some notice of a work which at once reproves and turns into ridicule the faults and deficiencies of her heroine's character. We allude to "*Diogena*,"* which has already attracted the general attention of the literary public. The action of this novel begins where that of *Sibyl* left off, when she thought that she was about to die of grief and emptiness of soul at the death of her daughter Benvenuta. She was ordered to travel: the physicians feared an ossification of the heart. The courier led her through Italy, but her immense soul took no heed of any thing out of herself, and she did not awake, until she stopped in Paris at the door of Otbart of Astrau. Otbart, full of rapture, carried her into his hotel, threw himself at her feet, and poured all his poetry into her ears. *Diogena*, the heroine of the new novel, is born, and her parents die shortly afterward. Sibyl had ordered that she should bear the name of *Diogena* in memory of the founder of her race, the ancient philosopher Diogenes with the lantern, and as indicating the tragic fate which compelled her "to seek and not to find." *Diogena* grew up in solitude, fed upon aristocratic bread and baronial wine, riding and swimming were her principal occupations. Once as she was bathing "in the limpid flood which lovingly embraced her," a postilion's horn sounded, and a carriage drove by, in which sat two men, at the sight of the younger of whom her heart beat more quickly. The cavalier likewise appeared quite "confused" at the sight of her. Upon her return to the castle she found the stranger waiting; after a few moments interview they were lying in each other's arms, and she is drinking in the sounds of his voice; "that," she exclaimed, "that is his voice, the voice par excellence!" But soon *Diogena* conceived a disgust for her lover, because at dinner he was hungry. "O! he does not love me! else how could he be hungry and thirsty like another person." The

* *DIOGENA*. A novel by Iduna, Countess H. H. Leipzig. 1847.

marriage nevertheless took place, and they then travelled to Baden-Baden. There Diogena became acquainted with three men, each of whom, in succession, she took for "the right one." The first was Vicomte Servillier; "he was to be the perpetuum mobile of her heart, and to keep it in an unceasing vibration of ecstatic satisfaction." But it came to nothing; from the balcony he jumped down into the garden, and ordered his baggage to be packed. "It had been a diversion to her, nothing more and nothing less." Now came the turn of Prince Calenberg. "His phlegmatic disposition at first tormented her indescribably; his taciturnity made her impatient; but soon she found in it a charm which the impetuosity of the Vicomte had not possessed." The Vicomte had entered her service under the disguise of a butler, and had thus been able to show her many attentions. In the meanwhile she also took a deep interest in Lord Ermanby, especially because his feelings were jaded (*blasé*), and therefore a reflection of her own sufferings. "It was that superlative weariness of spirit, that emptiness and deadly ennui with which she sympathized, which she thoroughly comprehended." When he was about to make a declaration of love the Vicomte-butler interfered; but she did not love either of them. The lord instantly shot himself, Servillier was killed in a duel by Diogena's husband, who now fled to England. The prince yet remained by her side with the true instinctive fidelity of a dog, and accompanied her through Spain to Paris. Her journey resembled a triumphal procession; "princes knelt at her feet, hidalgos sang glowing serenades, and even the wild matador redoubled his exertions when her eye rested upon him." In Paris she played the men, the penitent; the father-confessor from whom she sought consolation was not "the right one;" she studied chemistry, and then anatomy, and thought that the professor of anatomy was "the right one." They travelled together, and in Pisa, he again became professor, but Diogena grew weary, and when Frederick once fell asleep in her arms this dream came likewise to an end. "She remained alone, proud in the knowledge that she was freed from this low-born despotism." Prince Calenberg joined her again; they travelled to the East; but that did not suit her, and she determined to go to the primeval forests of America and there seek the right one. She came to an Indian Chief, who would have nothing to say to her. "Her immense soul was more void than ever, and she resolved to go to China in search of the right one." Here her memoirs end; Diogena herself died in a mad house.

It would be difficult to portray the faults of the Countess Hahn-Hahn in a more striking and

impressive manner; serious criticism has repeatedly been thrown away upon her; the lady took no notice of it. Perhaps this lesson, with its exquisite wit, and bitter satire, will cause her to repent. Let any one who wishes to become acquainted with the style of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, read "Diogena." Not only the style, in so far as relates to the mode of expression, the turn of sentences, and composition of words, but also the manner in which she manages the plot of her novel, is delightfully imitated, and the satire consists in carrying out her incidents to their final result in giving to her characters perfect consistency. Almost all her favorite words are of frequent occurrence; "fabulously small, stupendous, immense, comfortable, emotion," and a hundred others as well as many greater or smaller imperfections of style. And at the close of the book we find likewise its serious import, in a speech which the witty author has put into the mouth of the doctor of the mad house. "Diogena's madness is the consequence of a peculiar turn of mind among the idle ladies of the fashionable world, which can scarcely have any other result. Unwise imitators of the talented George Sand, totally misunderstanding that great woman's aim and intention, have originated a theory of female selfishness, which has now reached its highest point in the female literature of Germany. These women imagine themselves to form an exception, and to be incapable of loving any thing but themselves. Holding themselves to be the central point of the world, they demand on the one hand, like the corrupt Roman emperors, divine adoration, and on the other hand complain that they cannot find any man whom they are able to love. They do not understand their own egotism, and maintain that they are not understood; they are incapable of loving, and lament that there is no one who can fill the void in their heart and soul."

Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung.

TRUTH. "Truth always waits upon our souls, and offers itself freely to us, as the sun offers its beams to every eye that will but open and let them shine in upon it. If we could but purge our hearts from the defilement which hangeth about them, there would be no doubt at all of truth's prevailing in the world, for truth is greater and stronger than all things; all the earth calleth upon truth, and the heaven blesseth it; all evil works shake and tremble at it. The truth endureth: it is always strong: it liveth and conquereth for evermore. She is the strength, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth."—*Cudworth.*

THE ROSE GARDEN OF PERSIA.

The Rose Garden of Persia. By LOUISA STUART COSTELLO. Longman and Co.

No nation in the world, we believe, has ever produced so many poets as Persia. By far the greater portion of her literature is in verse; and the longest life could scarcely read through the never-ending series of manuscripts that contain it. But, happily for human patience, her writers are not all first-rate. Even more than the usual proportion are worthless; and a selection that would include the best, and a course of reading that would embrace their works, are by no means unattainable. Among the multitudes that "lisp in rhyme," she has produced many that it is impossible to read, but she has also produced some that would be an honor to any age or clime. The names of Hafiz, Firdusi, and Sadi, are well known in this country; and as usual, the public mind, in its strong, rough way, has managed by a kind of intuition to lay hold of the best. Time is just; and in the long run we can trust the "common sense of most" in every thing. It has its whims sometimes, and occasionally runs wild after Eugène Sues, and such pretenders, just as it has railway manias and panics; but in the multitude of years there is wisdom, and Time (say what we will of him) seldom or never lets any thing fall that is truly a gem. As an instance of this—in spite of the mad partiality of Sir W. Jones and others, to whom Eastern literature was an El-Dorado of all that is beautiful—the public mind (without knowing much of their works) has fastened upon these names as being the great authors of Persia; and we must confess that, after toiling through many a manuscript, we can only add at least some two or three names to the list as being really *poets*. By poets of course we mean not those who can count syllables, or tessellate rhymes, but those, who, with poetic feeling, have also poetic (i. e. creative — ποιητικός) power. Poetic feeling abounds in every age; but the power to mould into fresh shapes, and make new creations out of the old earth and sky, is no common gift in any age or clime. A Persian poet (who was himself one of the dullest) has in two couplets happened to express the truth of the matter:—"There are two kinds of poets on earth, and the good and the bad in them are equally superlative; the good ones are like angels of heaven, but the bad ones are worse than dogs!"

In the following pages we shall give an account of Persia's *real* poets, and these only. It is easy to make a parade of learning, by quoting long strings of unknown names, taking

care to spell them after an improved fashion of our own; but, thank heaven! enough has been said of guls and bulbuls, and it is high time to select those things that can really throw light on man and his development, under different circumstances to our own. Persian literature has said things that no other has said so well; Persia has been blessed with thinkers, as well as other nations under heaven; and it is time to listen to *these*, and hear what they have to tell us.

Persian literature is *national*; and without this all literatures are worthless. Unless poetry grows up from the heart, it is inevitably artificial and prosaic. If, instead of looking within and writing what we find there, we look outwards, and turn to foreign lands to aid us, our poetry is but at best a sickly exotic, with no innate vigor breathing through its leaves; as we see in the literature of Rome and Turkey. The Romans contented themselves with imitating the Greeks, and looked at nature only through that medium. The medium was strongly colored, because the Greeks were altogether national; and of course the Roman copy bears the marks of its origin, and its own characteristics are lost. In vain amidst the odes of Horace, or the various works of Ovid or Virgil, do we look for any thing that belongs essentially to the strong Roman spirit—the spirit that made a language of spondee to speak in, and a world of battles to dwell in—which is more embodied in huge imperturbable Sylla than in any other character of history. We look in vain for any trace of this. Instead of it we find sparkling wit in the thoughts, and a dancing lightness in the words, which had no relation to the stern spirit of Rome, but belonged entirely to light-hearted Athens, where men spent their time "in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing." Ennius and Lucretius are the only *Roman* poets, because they alone looked to their own country for inspiration. It is the same with Turkey: she has had poets of no mean abilities, but their energies have been frittered away in imitations of the Persians. Nationality alone constitutes the worth of literature; it alone, in fact, makes originality possible. Attica was a tract of land equal to Worcestershire, with half a million of population; and yet this little region was the nucleus of the civilization that changes the world. For Attica was a world to her people; and her history, therefore, as written by them, has become a symbol for mankind. Every nation should be thus a world to its inhabitants (ἡ οἰκουμένη as the Greeks called it); and wherever

this has been the case we may be sure of an original literature. We do find this in Persia; her literature, her legends, her history, are completely her own. She dwells apart in her tract of romance, uninfluenced by the Greek mind that has changed Europe. She knows nothing of Greece, or of Rome; Alexander and Cæsar are but names, round which she has hung traditions of her own; and, as Gibbon says, "The modern Persian knows nothing of the victories of Sapor—the most glorious event in his country's history."

To understand completely a literature of this kind we must first put on its nationality. The things that are names of romance to the Persian must be equally significant to us; we must learn to enter into his superstitions and feelings, and become familiar with the haunts where his imagination revels. We all feel this with regard to the poetry of Greece: Mount Ida and Mount Pelion are magic words to us, and awaken perhaps as many associations in our minds as in those of most of the ancient Greeks. But Persia has her names of romance as well. She sings of Mount Elburz and Mount Kaf; and has her legends hanging round them both. Mazindaran, and the other provinces round the Caspian Sea, are the scenes of the most glorious achievements in her heroic traditions; and if we would understand her literature aright, these names must seem to us "trumpet-tongued." We must enter also into Persian superstitions and fancies. The love of the rose and the nightingale (however trifling it may seem to us) is no common-place allusion to the Persian; it is as full of beauty to him as ever the story of Philomela and Progne to the Greek. All nature to him is full of such tales. The moth and the taper are lovers, who are separated by the persecuting flame; and the water-lily and the sun have a similar myth hanging round them. These tales seem fanciful to our taste, but Persian poets continually use them as illustrations; and Firdusi, in one of his sweetest descriptions of a night scene, over a field of battle, says—

"The bright sun sank down into the ocean,
And black night followed in haste;
The stars came forth like flowers, and heaven was
like a garden;
The Pleiades were like a moth, and the moon was the
lamp."

A Persian mind, imbued with these favorite superstitions, feels the full force of the allusion, and to him it is a symbol of beauty; and to appreciate Persian poetry aright it must seem so also in our eyes. Why is it not as good an illustration as Tennyson's "fire-flies tangled in a silver braid," as he describes the Pleiades, in 'Locksley Hall?' In some respects Firdusi's simile is

better, because a swarm of fire-flies has no particular associations connected with it, while the Persian simile, to a Persian audience (and Firdusi wrote for no other), abounds with such associations, and recalls a hundred pleasing memories along with it. These poetical superstitions (if I may call them so) have even been used as allegories, like that of Cupid and Psyche, to express the relation of the soul to the deity. We continually meet with allusions to them in every poem; and unless we allow ourselves to put on a Persian nationality for the time, we cannot be fair judges in the matter.

Persian literature has spread its roots deep in the nation's heart; and we have too high an opinion of our common nature to suppose that any thing worthless could have twined round the human heart under any clime, as we find this has done. Passages from the Shah-nameh, the Iliad of Persia, have been recited in the din of battles; and Togrul Ben Erslan, the last of the Siljukian dynasty, was heard repeating them in the charge where he lost his life. The songs of Hafiz, it is said, are sung even to the present day "*in collegiis et scholis, in palatiis et casis, in officinis et tabernis.*" Persian poets have been the companions of kings, and their talents have always commanded patronage; and the old saying is true in every land, that where there are Mæcenases there will be Virgils and Horaces.

Miss Costello, in the work before us, deserves much praise for undertaking the task of presenting extracts from the best poets to the English reader. The book is beautifully got up, and adorned with exquisite illustrations, like the best manuscripts; and she has shown a great deal of taste in her translations. But she has given us far too little; and too often that little has been presented to us times without number before. She might have found far better extracts if she had consulted the originals themselves; but her very slight acquaintance with the language (as she states in her preface) of course precluded this, and she was obliged to content herself with what she found ready to her hand in the works of Sir W. Jones, Chezy, and other orientalists. In the following sketch we shall give an account of the chief writers only; and shall endeavour to present our readers with such extracts as may enable them to form some idea of a literature which extends over five or six centuries of a nation's history, and faithfully mirrors the developments of human mind that were manifested in the nation during that time.

Previous to the invasion of the Mohammedans in the seventh century, Persia appears to have been possessed of a fine old ballad literature, full of glowing recollections of the prowess of its

ancient heroes, with all the dangers that they had to encounter, magnified, in the mist of time, into enchanters and demons. The stern bigotry of the Caliphs and their generals effectually obliterated from the memory of the people all remnants of these commemorating ballads; and not a trace was left of the ancient literature. Persia continued degraded and barbarous till the ninth century, when the power of the Abbasides began to decline, and a number of independent princes sprang up in the various provinces, who soon began to patronize letters. But no great name occurs till the close of the tenth century, when Mahmoud of Ghuzni subdued that branch of the Bouyah family which reigned in eastern Persia. It is here that we meet with the great *Firdusi*, who stands alone amongst his country's poets, and is as much the father of her literature as Homer is of the literature of Greece.

Firdusi's great poem, or '*King-Book*,' which is the glory and shame of Mahmoud's reign, consists in round numbers of some 60,000 couplets; and embraces the legendary history of Persia, from the earliest times to the death of Yezdjird, A. D. 641, in the invasion of the Arabs. In it is contained all that Persia knows of her early history; all her legends are preserved there, and her heroes embalmed as in a mausoleum. It is, in fact, the great national epic; and however in other respects inferior to Homer, Firdusi has at any rate produced the *Iliad* of Persia.

As a work of history, however, its worth is but small. Firdusi had to model his poem from the Bastan Nameh, which was, as we have said, a prose chronicle of the ancient ballads that had been handed down by tradition from the earliest times. *Ælian* says, in a remarkable passage (book xii., 48), that the kings of Persia had translated Homer; and doubtless these ballads, had they been preserved, would have borne evident marks of the influence of the rhapsodies of the *Iliad* that had been translated and sung at the Persian courts; but all this of course was filtered away in the prose Bastan Nameh. Firdusi, in collecting the *disjecta membra poetæ*, and restoring the legends to a poetic form, perhaps occasionally resuscitated the slumbering vestiges of Homeric imitation, for there are many passages in the Shah-nameh that resemble detached passages in the *Iliad*. Thus, for instance, Sohrab mounts the walls of a castle, and bids a captive point out the different chiefs in the hostile army, just as Helen points out the Greeks to Priam; and though the resemblance be only vague, and confined to occasional touches, this would be precisely the effect produced if it arose in the manner we have suggested. But in this reproduction historic truth sadly suffers. We

see the same in the earliest books of Livy, and perhaps the stories of Sohrab and Barzu are hardly more fictitious than those of Romulus and Remus.

No one can read the Shah-nameh without discovering strange vestiges of truth amidst the mass of fiction. Occasional glimpses into the real events are given us, just like realities that mix with ideal creations in a dream. Thus Rustem, the great hero of the Persian army, and Afrasiab, the tyrant who claims the kingdom, are personages too *real* to be explained away as wholly fabulous. Criticism flies off from their solid reality; both have too individual a character, and this individuality and distinctness are more remarkable from the vagueness that characterizes the other chieftains. The other knights of Persia's "Round Table" are vague as faces in a dream, and melt and fade into one another, just as if the nation's memory had forgotten their lineaments, and only retained a faint impression of a few general features. But with Rustem and Afrasiab it is far different. These we find both *distinct*, with all the shades of their characters marked; they bear an impress of reality about them, in spite of the world of fiction in which they move, just as we see in *Ancus Martius*, in the early history of Rome.

Some of the incidents of Persian history, as we find it in the Greek authors, can be traced with some degree of distinctness amidst the mass of fiction running like golden threads through the narrative. Thus the story of Cyrus, as given by Herodotus, is without doubt to be found in the account of Ky Khosru, and the leading events in the life of Alexander (Secander) are also preserved, such as his victory over Darab (Darius), his expedition into India, and defeat of Faur (Porus). And the sudden destruction of nearly all Ky Khosru's warriors by a *snow-storm* (so continually used in Persia to signify any unexpected calamity) clearly points to the destruction of the army of Cyrus by Tomyris, the Queen of the Scythians.

But it is not as a work of history that the Shah-nameh claims our attention. It is Persia's greatest poem, and has formed her literature. What Persian poetry might have been, if Firdusi had continued unmolested as a gardener at Tus, it would be useless to inquire; but, certainly, in every author we find traces of the universal influence which his genius has exercised. Examples of the excellences of all her poets can be found continually in the Shah-nameh: Firdusi has songs as gay as Hafiz; his moral reflections are as powerful as Sadi's or Nizami's; his descriptions are as gorgeous as Jami's, and his philosophy (when he indulges in it) as deep as Jela-leddin's. Nor must we forget that he had only

And when he beheld the maidens
He called for his bow, and lifted up his arm;
He was on foot ready for the sport,
And he saw a wild bird in the stream.
The fair-checked page strung the bow
And put it into the world-champion's hands.
He raised a shout, and the bird rose from the water,
And he sent an arrow hastening after it.
In the midst of its flight it drooped its neck
And fell, dropping blood, near the stream.
'Haste,' said he to his page, 'haste thee thither,
And bring me yonder fallen bird.'
The nimble lad ran along the grass,
And hastened near to those fair damsels."

A conversation ensues between the page and the maidens, and they inquire who the archer is — and on learning that it is Zal, they smile, and add, that they came from the Moon of Cabul; and they give a long description of her charms. The page informs Zal on his return; and an interview takes place, when matters are soon arranged.

Rudabeh is delighted at the success of their plans. But how are the lovers to meet? Her attendants soon devise a scheme, which is forthwith put in execution.

"She had a retreat like the joyful spring,
And full of pictures of the mighty dead.
And they fitted it up with brocade from China,
And decked it with vessels of gold.
Cornelians and chrysolites were scattered on every side,
And wine, and musk, and amber.
Here grew the violet and rose and narcissus,
And there bloomed the jasmine and the hyacinth.
Their cups were all of gold and rubies,
And rose-water was the liquor that they contained."

Here Rudabeh retired, and awaited Zal, while her maidens went to call him. On his arrival, the "rose-cheeked one" came upon the balcony, and a "Romeo and Juliet" kind of a dialogue ensues between the two lovers. At last, with one of those extravagant fictions which we meet with even in the best Oriental writers, the poet describes Rudabeh as letting her hair loose, and it flows in its wild luxuriance down to the ground, at the warrior's feet; and, after fastening the upper part to a ring, she bids him take hold of it, and mount up. Zal kisses the musky tresses, and ascends with a spring.

"And when he had reached the balcony in safety,
The angel-faced damsel came and paid him homage.
She seized his hand in her hand,
And they roamed on intoxicated with love.
They went down from the lofty balcony,
Hand twined in hand, like the branches of a tree,
And they came into that pictured chamber,
And they sat down to a royal banquet.
A paradise of pleasure seemed lighted up,
And her attendants stood waiting before them:
Zal remained astonished at the scene,
At her face and her form and her hair,
At her bracelets and jewels and ear-rings,
And her silk and brocade, bright with all the colors of spring,

Her cheeks like tulips in the garden,
And her tresses hanging ringlet in ringlet!
Zal himself too sat in royal pomp,
With a crown of red rubies on his head.
And Rudabeh could not rest from gazing on him,
And evil came upon her from the gaze.
She lighted her cheek at the brightness of his cheek,
And the more she gazed, the more her heart was fired."

The lovers part with mutual assurances of fidelity, and both eagerly look forward to the period of their union; over the prospects of which, however, a cloud had gathered, because Mihrab, Rudabeh's father, was descended from Zohak, the antagonist of the Persian dynasty. Zal, on his return to his camp, consults with the Mobeds on the alliance that he has resolved upon, and they advise him to send a letter to his father Sám, and leave him to break the subject to the king. The letter is accordingly despatched, and Sám on receiving it consults the astrologers whether the proposed marriage will be fortunate. They assure him that, if solemnized, the issue will be the greatest chieftain that Persia has ever seen; and they foretell the various conquests that he will achieve, and how he will subdue all the neighbouring kingdoms to the Persian crown. The old general is delighted at the announcement, and sends back a messenger to his son, assuring him that he approves of the union, but requesting it to be kept secret till he returns from an expedition in which he is engaged, and can consult with Minuchihr, the king.

"When Zal read the letter, his heart was overjoyed,
And all that he spoke was of Rudabeh."

He calls the emissary whom he used to employ to bear his messages to Rudabeh, and bids her bear the present joyful news.

"Go," said he to her, "haste to Rudabeh.
And say to her, 'Oh, thou moon of the heart,
When sorrow and trouble fall upon us,
The key that sets us free is never far distant.
The messenger has come back from my father
With a message of welcome that overjoys me;
He has hesitated and doubted at first,
But at length he has given us his full consent.'
He gave the letter in haste to the woman,
And she bore it in haste from his presence.
She bore it in haste, like the wind, to Rudabeh,
And gave her the message of joy and consent."

Rudabeh sends her back with a reply, and loads her with presents for Zal, amongst others with an exquisitely worked turban, decked with jewels and pearls.

"The messenger left the apartment and entered the hall,
When Sindokht* suddenly beheld her as she passed.
Her heart was filled with trouble at the sight,

* Rudabeh's mother.

his own genius to work upon. Augustus said, that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; and Firdusi found his country almost without a literature, and has left her a poem that all her succeeding poets could only imitate, and never surpass; and which, indeed, can rival them all, even in their peculiar styles, and, perhaps, stands as alone in Asia as Homer's epics in Europe. His contemporaries loaded their verses with ornament, and tried to gain by affectation what simplicity and truth to nature alone can give. Firdusi, uncorrupted by their example, wrote in the purest Persian dialect, avoiding as far as possible, all Arabic expressions, the abuse of which was then beginning to corrupt the language, and in a style that, for a Persian, is marvellous for its simplicity. His versification is exquisitely melodious, and never interrupted by harsh forms of construction; and the poem runs on, from beginning to end, like a river, in an unbroken current of harmony. Verse after verse *ripples* on the ear and washes up its tribute of rhyme; and we stand, as it were, on the shore, and gaze with wonder into the world that lies buried beneath—a world of feeling and thought and action, that has passed away from earth's memory for ever, whilst its palaces and heroes are dimly seen mirrored below, as in the enchanted lake of Arabian story.

Firdusi has been frequently compared to Homer; and that there are great resemblances cannot be denied. Both belong to an early age of a nation's poetry; and the continual repetition of favorite lines and similes, the profusion of illustrations drawn from wild life, and, above all, the manners and habits of thought which we find described, are striking points of similarity. In both poems we meet with the same fierce ideal of manly character, with its chivalry and ferocity in startling contrast, while side by side with this, in each, we find the most perfect appreciation of female excellence. Andromache and Helen glide like sunbeams through the darkness of human passion that overshadows the Iliad, and these are not more gentle or ladylike than the heroines who meet us in the stormy Shah-nameh. In both, too, we meet with female warriors, that are, as it were, the connecting link between the stern manly ideal of ferocity and honor, and the tender woman, with her domestic affections and loving weakness. We are inclined to believe that these resemblances might partially arise from the resuscitating the remnants of Homeric fire that smouldered in the "ashes" of the ballads as preserved in the Bastan Nameh. In reviving these ballads, Firdusi naturally revived the Homeric traces which they bore; just as Macaulay in his Lays revived the ancient ballads of Rome from their prose form, as they appear in Livy

and Dionysius, or rather as they appeared to them in the dull annals of Cato and Pictor.

But the poem to which the Shah-nameh bears the greatest resemblance, is Ariosto's 'Orlando.' Both are formed on ancient chronicles (Ariosto on that of Archbishop Turpin), and both lead us away into a world of enchantment, with dragons, and hippogriffs, and magicians, at every turn. Each has the same sunshiny view of human life, and the same love of pomp and royal show; and each has its "round table" of paladins, the glory of the land. But our limits forbid us to proceed further in our comparison; and we now proceed to give, as a specimen of Firdusi's lighter powers of fancy, the courtship of Zal and Rudabeh: this also will be a good sample of the episodes, with which the main action of his poem is continually interspersed.

Zal, at this period of the poem, is the champion (or campeador, as the Cid was called) of Persia. A neighbouring king, named Mihrab, has a daughter, Rudabeh, of peerless beauty, who, from hearing so much of Zal's fame, falls in love with him before she has ever seen him. She reveals her secret to her attendants, who rack their brains for some scheme to bring them together. It chanced that Zal had pitched his camp near the city; and the damsels forthwith commence their enterprise. We give a literal prose version of what follows; and we doubt not many of our readers will be astonished to find how simple and natural a Persian poet can be, after all that has been said of oriental extravagance and bombast.

"Her maidens rose from before her,
They turned their faces to aid her in her despair.
They decked themselves in robes of brocade,
And adorned their hair with roses;
And they went all five down to the stream,*
Full of colors and perfumes, like the glad spring.
'Twas the first month of summer and the prime of the
year,
And by the banks of that stream were the tents of
Zal.
Along the banks of the stream they roamed,
And they told each other tales, in the deception.
And they strolled, gathering roses from the banks,
With their cheeks like a rose-garden, and roses on
their bosoms.
They roamed on all sides, and gathered their flowers,
Till they came close to the tent of Zal.
Zal beheld them from his lofty throne,
And he asked, 'what rose-worshippers are these!
Why do they gather roses from our garden?
Are they not afraid of our commands?'
And thus spoke a man to the champion:
'From the palace of Mihrab of happy fortune
These are sent to thy garden,
By Rudabeh the bright Moon of Cabul.'
And when Zal heard this, his heart was moved,
And he stayed not in his place for love.
He walked in haste with an attendant,
And he strolled along the bank of the stream.

* That ran by the city and Zal's camp.

We now come to Nizami, who is the first of what are called the "romantic poets," and flourished towards the end of the twelfth century. The three staple subjects of Persian romance are the loves of Khosru and Shireen, of Yusuf and Zuleikha, and of Laili and Majnun. Every poet who would gain a name tries his hand at one of these well-known legends; and as Miss Costello observes, "even down to a modern date, the Persians have not deserted their favorites, and these celebrated themes of verse reappear from time to time under new auspices." Three poets have, however, peculiarly succeeded on these subjects, and Nizami is identified with the first, Jami with the second, and Hatifi with the third. Miss Costello has given us several extracts from the "Khosru and Shireen;" but as we purpose analyzing the other two, which are much superior, we must refer the English reader to her volume for them. Nizami is a poet who has been much overrated, and is distinguished beyond all his countrymen for hyperbole and bombast. Probably he had naturally a fine imagination; but excess of ornament, and constant aim at novelty, combined with an affectation of mysticism, have completely spoiled it. His works consist of five poems, often called the *Khamsah*, or "five," three of which may be considered as romantic. Perhaps the best is the 'Huft Paiker,' or 'Seven Faces,' which contains the legendary history of King Bahram Gur, the hunter. Here we find occasional touches of nature; but the generality of it is tedious and exaggerated to the last degree; and we have not been able to find a single passage which keeps up its interest throughout. As we might expect, Nizami is a great favorite with his countrymen, and his poems are generally copied with great care; while those of his rival, Hatifi, which abound with pathos and nature, are always negligently transcribed, and full of inaccuracies.

In the 13th century Persia was blessed with an "Augustan Age," as it is *technically* called; and a swarm of poets arose under the fostering rays of royal patronage. Shiraz, the Athens of Persia, produced her quota to the number, and amongst others the renowned Sadi, whose name is better known in this country than that of any other eastern author. His chief work, 'the Rose Garden,' a collection of anecdotes, and poetry, and mysticism, has been put into an English dress, and was originally published by Gentius, about two hundred years ago. We have all of us heard of the lines which, it is said, Mahomet II. repeated at the taking of Constantinople:—"The spider holds the veil in the palace of Cæsar, and the owl stands sentinel in the watch-tower of Afrasiab." His works are very numer-

ous, and, though somewhat tinged with the inflated taste of his countrymen, will repay a perusal better than any of his contemporaries.

The following fable has been often quoted; yet is so beautiful that we cannot refrain from adding it to our extracts, in a strictly literal version:—

"Once from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling in the sea,
And when she saw the wide-spread main,
Shame veiled her modesty.

'What place in this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die,
In this immensity!'

But while her self-debasing fear
Its lowliness confessed
A shell received and welcomed her,
And pressed her to its breast.

And nourished there the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes,—
Exalted by its lowly shame,
And humbled but to rise!"

Sadi's mind was full of devotional feelings; and his works, as we might expect, abound with the purest morality. There is a moral elevation in his writings, which is equal to the highest efforts, and yet is strictly compatible with a minute attention to the lowliest duties of daily life. He has an ear to listen to the commonest and homeliest calls of duty, wherever it may be; and his philosophy, however high she may bear him up in the regions of theory, always lands him at last on the *practical*; and, be he eastern or western, a moralist can aim at no nobler purpose than this.

He also possessed considerable humor, and frequently indulges in good natured satire, as when he gives the following advice for getting rid of one's friends: "Lend to those who are poor, and borrow of those who are rich;" or says (with a sad want of gallantry), "take your wife's opinion and act in opposition to it."

Sadi lived to a great age (being upwards of a hundred years old when he died), and spent a great part of his life in travelling about Asia, where he met with numerous adventures, which he often refers to in his works. Professor Wilson gave, some years ago, in the 'Asiatic Journal,' a translation from the Bastan of an adventure of his at the Temple of Somnath, where he became a devotee of the idol, until one day he discovered the fraud by which the Brahmins imposed upon the people. He is said to have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca fourteen, or even fifteen times; and the latter years of his life were spent in religious meditation and solitude.

Contemporary with Sadi lived Ferideddin Attar, who has left us a valuable collection of

And she cried aloud, 'From whence art thou come?'
 The messenger turned pale at the summons,
 And she trembled, and kissed the ground at her feet.
 'What means it?' cried Sindokht, 'thou treacherous woman,
 Listen to my words, and give me answer.
 From time to time I have seen thee pass by,
 Thou hast entered these chambers, and looked not upon me.
 My heart is filled with anger against thee,
 Tell me therefore for what purpose thou art come?'
 The messenger replied, 'I am poor and in need,
 And I earn my bread by my toil and exertions,
 I go to the mansions of the noble,
 And they buy of me jewels and raiment.
 Rudabeh, in yon chamber, desired a head-dress,
 She desired also rich jewels to adorn her;
 And I have brought her a crown of gold,
 And a casket full of royal jewels.'
 'Show them to me,' cried Sindokht, in her wrath,
 'And the anger of my heart shall be appeased.'
 'I have given them to Rudabeh,' the messenger replied;
 'She has asked for more, and I shall bring them, as she desires.'
 'Then show me the price she has paid,' said Sindokht,
 'And it shall quench my anger like water.'
 'She promised to give me the price on the morrow,
 Ask me not therefore to show it to-day.'

These answers did not, however, satisfy Sindokht, and she retired to her own chamber in great wrath, and ordered her daughter to appear before her. On her coming she demanded an explanation, and bitterly lamented her attempts to deceive her. Rudabeh, "in shame, looked at the ground and her feet, and the tears of love fell from her eyes;" and at last, summoning up her courage, she openly professed her attachment to Zal, and declared that she had unalterably plighted her heart to him. In alarm at this unexpected intelligence, Sindokht left the room to acquaint her husband, Mihrab, and consult him in the matter. She knew too well that the jealous tyrant who sat on the Persian throne was the bitter foe to their family, and she dreaded his powerful resentment. Mihrab, in the first heat of passion, threatened to kill his daughter, and exclaimed that she would cause the ruin of his kingdom. His wife's entreaties, however, allay his resentment, and he summons Rudabeh before him. She comes in all her finery, with a smile in her countenance at the thought of her choice, and his anger bursts out into bitter reproaches, which Rudabeh receives in shame and silence, and at length retires with her mother to her own apartment.

In the meantime Minuchihir, the king of Persia, on hearing of the proposed marriage, fires at once with all the jealousy of an Eastern despot, and vows to destroy the whole family of Mihrab. Mihrab, as we have said before, was descended from the hereditary foes of the royal house of Persia, and Minuchihir proposed to

commence a war that should exterminate the hostile race, now that their presumption aimed at an alliance with so powerful a chieftain as Zal. He appointed Sám himself to the command of the army, and despatched him to Cabul. In vain Sám urges his long services, as a plea for the tyrant to relax in his severity. Minuchihir gloomily bids him proceed, and destroy Mihrab and his house with sword and fire. At this juncture, while the two lovers are in an agony of suspense, and Mihrab, in his confusion, sees no other way of appeasing his powerful enemy than by sacrificing his daughter to his resentment, Sindokht sets out, like Abigail, in the Bible, under similar circumstances, with most magnificent presents of horses and camels, and gold and silk, and meets Sám as he is marching with his army, and implores his pity on their despair. Sám at length sends a last deprecatory letter to the king, and Zal himself bears it to the court. Minuchihir hesitates for some time to forego the gratification of indulging the family feud; but at last he is prevailed upon to give his consent to the union; and the astrologers, whom he consults, loudly proclaim the advantages that will accrue therefrom to Persia. Zal returns, as may well be expected, in ecstasy to the army, and Sám and Sindokht return with him to Cabul, where the marriage is solemnized in the summer-house where the lovers had first met, with all the pomp and festivity that such an occasion demanded, now that the gloomy prospects of war had changed to the sunshine of peace; and from this marriage was born Rustem, the Cid of Persia.

This is but a brief summary of a very charming story in the original, and we can only give a very faint idea of the exquisite bits of poetry with which it is interspersed. Like the 'Orlando Furioso,' the Shah-nameh is a never-ending gallery of pictures; romance succeeds romance, and the driest details or the wildest extravagance are redeemed by a sudden gleam of heart-felt poetry, that comes home to all ages and nations.

Towards the close of the 11th century lived Moasi, who is frequently, with strange perversions, designated the king of poets, unless the appellation contained a sneer at the abilities of Oriental rulers; and Khakani, whose odes are much admired. Occasionally we find in his works a bold thought or image, but most of his poetry is very inferior. Thus, the following is rather striking:—

"They tell us that good fortune and evil fortune
 Come to all things alike in this world of time.
 Thou seest two bricks baked together,
 Baked from the same clay and furnace,
 One shall be laid on the top of a minaret,
 And the other at the bottom of a well!"

proverbs, under the title of *Pend-nameh* (not *Perid-nameh*, as Miss Costello continually spells it); but we pass over him to arrive at an author who, though but little known in England, stands alone in the East for sublimity of thought and depth of philosophy. Miss Costello has only given us a song from one of his books, although he is one of Persia's most voluminous writers, and perhaps has a greater claim on our admiration than any of them. We are glad to learn that Mehemet Ali has been publishing, at his press at Cairo, a very elaborate edition of his works, with a selection of the most approved commentaries.

Jelaleddin Rumi was born at Balkh in Khorasan, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and from early youth devoted himself to the mystical doctrines of the Sufis, and spent his life in solitude, working the mine of his own genius alone.

The Sufis, as is well known, are a sect, who spring up apparently by a necessary law in the human mind. They take root in every soil, and under every religion; and whatever name they may bear, their opinions are essentially the same. The inherent love of mysticism which lies in the heart, finds in every religion the necessary warmth to quicken it. Reverence and wonder which, as Plato tells us in the *Theætetus*, are the beginning of all wisdom, spring up in every climate; and the Eleusinian mysteries, the Hindu Brahmanism, the Persian Sufeyism, and, in our own time, the new German philosophy, are only developments of the same deep-rooted principle in the soul, under different outward circumstances of time and place. All these systems are but as glosses and commentaries on the wide volume of nature, when the true revelation from heaven is unknown, or lost sight of, and nature's volume is the only revelation left and acknowledged. *Jelaleddin* has left us a huge volume called the '*Mesnavi*,' in which he has heaped all the gold that his mind could furnish; and though his style is somewhat obscure in parts, we may rest well assured that his years of deep thought were not spent in vain, when he "communed with his own heart and was still."

It is a collection of stories, humorous and grave, around and in which are hung wreaths of mystic interpretation and philosophical allegories. The book is like a picture-gallery, such as Tennyson describes in his '*Palace of Art*:'—

"Full of long-sounding corridors it was,
That over-vaulted grateful gloom,
Where thro' the live-long day the soul did pass,
Well pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,
All various—each a perfect whole
From living nature—fit for every mood
And change of my still soul."

We pass from story to story, and from picture to picture, till the mind becomes almost bewildered by the endless variety of scenes and colors. Here we have the variety of Rubens, here the gorgeous colors of Titan, there the softness of Correggio, or the grace of Guido, and there the coarser yet living scenes of Teniers. Words take the form of *colors*, and the style varies as the representation changes.

Of all oriental poets, *Jelaleddin* least indulges in their metaphorical extravagancy, and one can find whole pages in his book which do not contain a single expression that a European taste could disapprove. Unhappily, as we have said, he labors under the charge of being obscure, and this ill name has frightened away many a reader from attempting a perusal. St. Jerome said of Persius (according to tradition), "if you don't wish to be understood, you don't deserve to be read;" but it was too hasty a speech for either the saint or the scholar; and perhaps if he had taken the trouble of mastering him, Persius might have rewarded both his patience and his toil. But *Jelaleddin* is by no means so obscure as he is represented. His moralizings are sometimes, indeed, unintelligible, but his episodes are generally clear, and many of his stories are delightful.

Jelaleddin's stories, as we have said, are of all kinds, and, like the '*Decameron*,' or Chaucer's '*Canterbury Tales*,' pass on in varying colors, like a string of beads, with a moral aim running through them all, like a golden thread, which serves at once to link them in some connexion, and of itself to give beauty to the whole. Many are humorous, and many satirical; not a few are absurd, and even immoral; and many abound with pathos and exquisite knowledge of the human heart. Some of them are founded upon well-known legends: thus, the very first resembles one which Lucian has told, in his way, of the manner in which the physician discovered that Antiochus' disease was caused by his love for Stratonice, his stepmother.

We will conclude our notice of him with a tale which, we feel sure, all our readers must admire for its simplicity and gracefulness, as well as the mystical moral that runs underneath it. It is a gem in Persian literature, and deserves to be far more extensively known than it is. Our translation is strictly literal, and as nearly word for word as rhyme would allow.

THE MERCHANT AND HIS PARROT.

"A parrot belonged to a merchant sage,
A beautiful parrot, confined in a cage;
And one day the good merchant's fancy ran
On a journey of traffic to Hindustan.
He bade all his servants and maidens come,
And he asked them what gifts he should bring them home?

And each servant and maiden with thanks confessed
 Whate'er it might be, that would please them best.
 To his parrot he turned, and said, smilingly,
 'And what Indian gift shall I bring to thee?'
 And the parrot replied, 'When thou go'st thy way,
 And beholdest my fellows as there they play,
 Oh, give them my message, and tell them this—
 Let them know from me what captivity is!
 Oh, tell them—"A parrot, a friend of yours,
 Who has danced with you in these happy bowers,
 Has been carried away by ill fate's design,
 And now is confined in a cage of mine;
 He sends you the wishes that love should send,
 And prays you to think of your absent friend.
 Behold," he says, "how I pine, alas!
 While you dance all day on the trees and grass;
 Is this to be faithful in friendship and love—
 I here in a prison, and you in a grove?
 Oh, remember our friendship in days gone by,
 And send me some hope in captivity!"'
 The merchant set out, and his way pursued,
 Till he came at last to an ancient wood
 On the borders of Ind, where, in summer glee,
 The parrots were sporting from tree to tree.
 He stayed his horse as he past them went,
 And he gave them the message his parrot sent;
 And one of the birds, as the words he said,
 Fell off from its bough to the ground, as dead.
 Sore repented the sage, as the parrot fell:
 'God's creature is slain by the words I tell.
 Yon parrot and mine were not *friends* alone,
 Their bodies were two, but their souls were one.
 This tongue of mine is like flint and steel,
 And all that it utters are sparks which kill.'
 He then went on his way with a heavy heart,
 And he traded in many a distant mart;
 And at length, when his traffic and toil were o'er,
 He returned to his welcome home once more.
 To every servant a gift he brought—
 To every maiden the gift she sought;
 And the parrot, too, asked, when its turn was come,
 'Oh where is the gift you have brought me home!'
 'T was a bitter message,' the sage replied:
 'For when it was giv'n, thy companion died!'
 And the bird at once, when the words were said,
 Fell off, like its friend, from his perch, as dead.
 When the merchant beheld it thus fall and die,
 He sprang from his place with a bitter cry:
 'Oh, my sweet-voiced parrot, why fall'st thou low!
 My well-lov'd partner of joy and woe!
 Oh, alas! alas! that so bright a moon
 Is veiled by the clouds of death so soon!'
 Then out of the cage the bird he threw,
 And, lo! to the top of a tree it flew!
 And while he stood gazing with wond'ring eyes,
 It thus answered his doubts and removed surprise:
 'Yon Indian parrot appeared to die,
 But it taught me a lesson of liberty;
 That since 't was my voice that imprisoned me,
 I must die to escape, and once more be free!'
 It then gave him some words of advice ere it flew,
 And then joyfully wished the good merchant adieu:
 'Thou hast done me a kindness; good master, fare-
 well!
 Thou hast freed me for aye from the bond of this cell!
 Farewell, my good master, for homeward I fly:
 One day thou shalt gain the same freedom as I!'"

In the fourteenth century Shiraz produced *Hafiz*, a poet whose name is better known in this country, than that of any other Persian author except Sadi. His odes have been partially translated, times without number; but, with the exception of Sir W. Jones, hardly any of the trans-

lators have succeeded. The peculiar nature of the Persian ghazel, or ode, sets our language at defiance; and many of those songs which have established the fame of Hafiz amongst his countrymen, would lose all their charms, and seem only incoherent rhapsodies, if presented in the unvarying jingle of our favorite measures. In the Persian ghazel the first two lines rhyme, and the same rhyme is continued at the end of every second verse throughout the poem. This recurrence of the same sound links each stanza together, to a degree which none can appreciate who have not read the original; and the wild discursive nature of the subject-matter needs such a contrivance to preserve the connexion. Miss Costello has only given us over again the odes which have been dinned into our ears so many times before; which we much regret, as she could have found many others that have never been versified, and would have been fully equal, if not superior, in merit to those which she has selected.

Hafiz's odes are mostly in the praise of love and wine; and alternate in pleasing variety from the grave to the gay, and from the jovial to the sentimental. His works everywhere sparkle with wit and fancy, but his imagery is often very extravagant. In Persia he is an universal favorite, and his songs are the delight of all classes; but European readers will find them far inferior to the lyrics of Horace or of Moore. Like all eastern poetry they lack the *distinctness* of ours; and the features of their delineations of passion are too vague and undefined to excite our interest. One smile of Horace's "*dulce ridens*" Lalage is worth all the "narcissus eyes," or "ruby lips," which meet us at every turn in Hafiz; and all the Persian's descriptions and comparisons would never buy the "*Quis multâ gracilis*."

Hafiz had, however, no little poetry in his soul; and nature gave him a fine imagination, which he could display when he chose. Thus we can cheerfully follow him in the early light of morning into the dewy garden, when, by a bold image, he describes the flowers, at the coming of day,—

"All holding high their cups in their hands, like worshippers of wine."

It is to be regretted that he did not give us more of such images as this, instead of wearying us with guls and bulbuls in every corner, or running to the garden for such vapid similes as the following:—

"If Hafiz had ten tongues like the lily,
 In thy presence he would wear a seal on his lips like the rosebud."

Mirthfulness of character not unfrequently has a reverse side of melancholy. L'Allegro and Il

Penseroso are twins in many a bosom; and Hafiz, whose heart, in many of his odes, is as joyful and careless as a child's, too often, like Icarus of old, feels his waxen wings of gaiety melt, and sinks into that deep of sadness which is ever ready to receive us, if we yield to it. A vein of pensive melancholy runs through his best odes, and the uncertainty of all human enjoyment often creeps in as an unbidden guest, when the festivities of revelry seem at their height.

We subjoin a specimen which, we believe, has never been translated before; and in our version we shall endeavour to keep as close to the original as possible.

"The rose has come forth! Oh! my friends, 't is the hour

To fill the bright goblet and drink in the bower!
Come, seize the sweet season,—who knows not too well,

That not always the pearl can be found in the shell?
Love's path is a desert of doubt and dismay,
Where none but the foolish would willingly stray!
A truce to your volumes—your studies give o'er;
For books cannot teach you love's marvellous lore;
Come, listen to me; ye shall learn it apace,
If you'll fix fast your thoughts on your mistress's face.
My mistress's image, that idol divine,
Has found in my bosom an altar and shrine;
There she rules like a queen with a crown on her brow,

Though she scorns her poor subject, and laughs at his woe.

Come, open the tavern; why longer delay?
And bring us the wine to chase sorrow away,—
Not Cuthers* fair stream can so gladden the soul,
As the liquor that dances and laughs in the bowl.
Come friends, bring the wine, for the moments fast fly,
Ere the week is well ended the roses will die;
And may fortune look smiling, and shield us from sorrow,

Nor send us an ache and repentance to-morrow!
And do thou, too, my fair one, be here with thy smile,
And scatter thy glances, like jewels, the while;
For none but the bigot will ever reprove
The passionate fervor of Hafiz's love."

We have but two poets now left in our survey of Persian literature, and with them we shall conclude. Jami, and his nephew Hatifi, close the series, both of whom flourished in the fifteenth century. Jami, as we have remarked in a previous part, is identified with the national legend of the loves of Yusuf and Zuleikha; and perhaps he stands at the head of the romantic school. It is singular to observe how the names of reproach in one country become symbols of beauty to another. Gibbon says, "the infamous George of Cappadocia became the immortal St. George of England;" and in a similar way, the unfortunate wife of Potiphar is the Persian ideal of devoted love. The narrative as we have it in the Bible, is presented to us in Jami's poem with tolerable accuracy; and we have a full account of Joseph's

birth, and his brethren's envy, with their conspiracy against him, and its success. He is sold by them to a caravan of merchants, and carried into Egypt, where he is bought by Zuleikha, the wife of Pharaoh's grand vizier. Zuleikha was the daughter of the king of Mauritania, and, years before, had seen in a dream a vision of a youth of matchless beauty. This dream was three times repeated, and, the last time, the beautiful apparition named Egypt as the place where they should meet. Zuleikha's mind was entirely filled with this celestial visitant, and she resolutely refused all her suitors, till an embassy arrived, claiming her hand for the vizier of Pharaoh. She unhesitatingly accepted the offer, feeling persuaded that he was the person whom her dream had foreshown to her. She forthwith was conducted to Egypt, with all the honors of eastern courts, and the vizier came to meet her. She discovered her error when it was too late, and found that her husband was totally different from the lover she had dreamed of. A deep melancholy seized her in consequence, and this continued hanging over her, until one day she met with Joseph in the slave market, and recognized in him the long-lost image of her dreams. His subsequent career, and temptation, and virtuous resistance, are all narrated with a great deal of fire and feeling, and the Phædra-like passions of Zuleikha are depicted with much of that *realizing* power which, after all, is the essential in poetry. The pathos of common life swells, under the pen of Jami, into the sublimity of the heroic times; and his heroine must interest our affections, however we may disapprove of her guilty love. The conclusion of the story, after Joseph is released from prison and appointed governor of Egypt, differs widely from the Scriptural account. Potiphar dies, and Jami, by a beautiful stroke of imagination, represents Zuleikha as building a house opposite to Joseph's palace, that she may hear his horse's hoofs as he passes under her window. At length she renounces her idolatry, and breaks her idols, and acknowledges the true God; and her piety is rewarded by the restoration of her early youth and beauty. The angel Gabriel appears to Joseph, and commands him to recompense her constancy by marrying her, which he accordingly does, with the approbation of Pharaoh and all Egypt. But few years pass before death's shadow droops heavily over their happiness, and Joseph dies, leaving Zuleikha distracted. Her sorrow knows no bounds, and is described by Jami with all the fervor of a genuine poet: "Thou my husband," cried she, "art buried in the ground, like the root, while I stand above, like the withered branch." The whole passage, indeed, is worthy of a repeated perusal, containing her heart-eating anguish at

* A stream in Paradise.

her irreparable loss, till she dies, and, as Jami says elsewhere, "the dark earth becomes the curtain which hides and unites the parted ones."

Jami is remarkable for the brilliancy of his descriptions, which have often a vigor in them that contrasts strangely with the extravagance in which he sometimes indulges. Miss Costello has given several long quotations from his poem, to which we refer our readers. We have only room for some short extracts, which will serve to show Jami's power of mind in higher things than fiction.

What can be more beautiful than the following apostrophe to God on idolatry? It is a commentary on long ages of pagan darkness, a dirge over the fallen and forgotten religions of the world:

"Oh, there is love for *thee*, from under the deception
Of the idol, the idol-maker, and the idol-worshipper!
If no reflection of thine fell upon the idol,
Who would bow down in adoration before it?
Thou hast pierced the heart of the idol-maker with
thy love,
And in his eyes thou engravest the idol therewith:
And men bow down before the work of his hands;
For they say, that to worship *this* is to worship *thee*."

Hatifi, the nephew of the preceding, is the last of Persia's real poets, and for simplicity and pathos is unrivalled by them all. He is said to have gone with the rough sketch of his poem to his uncle, who was then in the zenith of his popularity, and to have begged of him his permission to continue it. What would Sir Thomas Lucy* have given for this anecdote, when he examined that sad rhymers, the boy Will Shakspeare, and tried to instil into his mind a due portion of reverence for the sacred haunts of Parnassus, ere he ventured to intrude too irreverently in the precincts of the muses? "Such," he would have said, "was the awe with which the nephew of a great poet drew near to that hallowed spot, and commenced his adorations to the goddesses."

Hatifi formed the ambitious design of entering the lists with Nizami, and writing five poems on the same subjects as he had chosen; and this design he accomplished. As might be expected from the taste of an oriental public, the showy bombast of Nizami was esteemed immeasurably superior to the simple nature and pathos of his rival; but no European, we believe, will ever form the same judgment of the two poets. Hatifi's *chef-d'œuvre* is his tale of Laili and Majnun, which comprises, in some two thousand couplets, as beautiful a tale of ill-fated love as ever passed upon paper from a poet's brain; and it is said that it is no fiction, but reality.

* Vide Lander's 'Examination of William Shakspeare.'

The Arabs of Hejaz still repeat with rapture the fragments of Majnun's poetry, which have been handed down by tradition from those old times (for he is said to have lived in the first century of the Mohammedan era); and his name and story are as far-famed in the East as that of Heloise and Abelard in the West.

The "sweet, glad, and sad*" tale of the love of Laili and Majnun is the simplest in all Persian literature. Two children of the chiefs of two neighbouring tribes have been brought up together from childhood; and school friendship ripens gradually into love. The hours of mutual work and play twine memories round their young hearts, and weave webs of golden hopes over their future; and every day, as it passes over their heads, keeps adding to their store of what George Sand calls "*les immenses reins d'amour!*" Differences arise between their families, and they are parted; and, after many a stolen interview, their secret is discovered, and Majnun is forbidden to approach the tribe any more. Dark days gather over him; and the routine of life, which, with Laili, had seemed a round of happiness, appears without her an insupportable load of wearying minuteness and unbroken sameness. He leaves his home at last, and wanders disconsolate amongst the mountains of Nejd, gradually loses his reason, and forgets all intercourse with mankind. Many and pathetic are his adventures, which Hatifi describes, such as the visit of his friends to bring him back to society; the dialogue between him and his broken-hearted father; and, above all, his short interview with Laili, after her forced marriage with a neighbouring chief. All these are described with exquisite tenderness; and there is little of that extravagance which, more than any thing else, has given to eastern poetry its bad name. He excels in those little touches of pathos which spring up, like wild flowers, from the dust of death, and shed a green living verdure over the harsh dry realities of sorrow. Thus, he says of Majnun, in his desert home—

"Many a tear fell from his eyes,
And sleep fled away along with the tear."

And, again, he describes his father, when he returns, after his fruitless interview with him, as sitting down in his desolate hall to dream *that he never had a son!*

The following extract will give some idea of Hatifi's style; but, like all other beautiful things, it must be seen in its own native dress to be duly appreciated. Hatifi was a master of language; and the *curiosa felicitas* of Petronius, if ever it applied to any one, assuredly applied to him:—

* Chaucer.

"On, on, in his woe poor Majnun went
 Until to a garden his steps he bent,
 And he turned his eyes to that garden drear,*
 And he saw the poor old gardener there,
 Who his axe had laid right manfully
 At the foot of a green young cypress-tree.
 Poor Majnun flies with uplifted hands,
 To the place where the poor old gardener stands,
 And he cries with a look of sore dismay,
 Oh take that cruel sharp axe away,
 This cypress is fair, like mine own true love,
 Oh, spare it, I pray, nor one branch remove!
 The old man paused at the hasty cry,
 And he turned to the youth and made reply:—
 I have children three, aye children four,
 Who tremble, like willows, in winter's hour.
 They are kept alive, for my health and stay,
 With fire by night and the sun by day.
 Not a cowie on earth can I call my own;
 Naught else but this cypress tree alone.
 And my children are cold, and for fire they cry,
 And without this fuel my loved ones die.
 Oh, if thou would'st have it, thou know'st my need,
 Come give me its price, and 't is thine indeed.'
 With a joyful look, replied the youth,
 'Old man, it is well, and thy words are truth;
 Thou see'st this bracelet that binds my wrist,
 So carry it home if such thou list;
 And the gem, which a king would have worn with
 pride,
 He unloosed from his hand and flung aside,
 And the ransom paid, the cypress tree
 Towered up to heaven unharmed and free."

Miss Costello has given us the meeting of the two lovers in the desert, which is the gem of the whole poem, and to her volume we must refer our readers for it. It is unrivalled in the whole round of Persian poetry for the simple, heart-felt pathos which pervades it; and if Hatifi had written nothing else, it would have given ample evidence of his genius. The conclusion of the tale can be easily imagined: Laili dies first, of a broken heart, and Majnun soon follows; winter sheds its last snows over her fresh grave, and spring its first blossoms over Majnun's.

Hatifi closes the series of Persia's real poets: other names could be added, of his contemporaries and successors, but their merits stand far below. Khosru of Delhi, and Nani, have each left five long poems to an ungrateful posterity; Shahi gained some little reputation by his odes; the Emir Khosru has written a million of verses; and Feizi and Senâi have occasional passages of much beauty; but their works are of a totally inferior class. Henceforth *artifice* takes the place of *art*, and nature is lost sight of altogether; elaborate conceits meet us instead of poetry, and obscure mysticism is the "*dignior hares*" of Jelaleddin's sublimity.

In the seventeenth century the continual despotism of a series of tyrants nearly extinguished all literature, and poetry vanished with the national spirit. The language became corrupted through the admixture of Turkish, which was

* It is represented as occurring in winter.

the dialect of the court; and Persia's history and literature lose their interest together. More recent times appear to boast of some slight revival of taste; and Shajug, and Sheikh Mohammed Ali Hazin (translated by Belfour, 1830), and one or two others, may repay perusal, but the national soul is gone. The spirit which breathed through Firdusi, and Hafiz, and Jelaleddin, is no more, and its place is ill supplied by other attractions. A nation's literature, indeed, blossoms in its vigor but once; and though "there is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease" (Job xiv.), it is not so with the intellect of man. When nationality, which is the sap, is dried up, leaves, blossoms, and branches must die; and no spring revisits the fallen nation and awakes it to vitality!—*Westminster Review*.

AUTHORS JUDGED BY AUTHORS.

Modern times might furnish many instances of the influence which interest, jealousy, and party spirit, exercise upon the judgment which one author pronounces upon another. But "*exempla sunt odiosa*;" and we will only adduce a few instances from the older literature of England. Isaac Newton says of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, "it is a very good poem, but what does it prove?" Winstanley maintains that the same thing happened to Milton's fame as to a blown-out lamp—it ended by being offensive. The learned Bishop Hacket calls Milton "a school-boy, trying his hand at verses;" and Barrow speaks of him as "a certain" Milton. Burnet does the same of Prior: "there is said to be one Prior," occurs in one of his critical letters. The foundation of Shenstone's poetical reputation is undoubtedly his faithful imitation of Spenser; but whenever he speaks of him it is to run him down. Addison wrote a very unfavorable criticism of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, and fifteen years afterwards he read it. In a review of Chaucer he finds fault with his "want of humor." Before Cowley had read a word of Chaucer, he declared that Chaucer's writings are "unbearable." There was nothing of which that universal genius, Dr. Johnson, knew so little as natural history; his dictionary affords some ludicrous proofs of this ignorance; but in a criticism of Goldsmith's "*History of the Earth and Animated Nature*," he says, "let no one conclude from this compilation, that Goldsmith knows anything about the subjects of which he treats; if he knows that a cow has horns, that is probably the extent of his knowledge."—*Blätter für Lit. Unterhaltung*.

NINFA.*

We English have a foolish habit of depreciating ourselves. We are proud enough of our past attainments, but are over-humble about our present: especially as regards the arts, or what we may call the accomplishments, of life. This humility of ours may be very agreeable to the *amour propre* of some of our neighbours, who cannot so well afford to be secondary in secondary matters; but it may be carried too far. At a word of discouragement, we are ready to doubt whether there be such beings as poets, painters, or musicians, among us at all; while, as to linguists, who ever dreamt of our advancing a claim on that score? Does not the whole world know that we English can speak no language but our own, and, what is more, force every body else, for our special convenience, to speak it too? which is a proof of arrogance no foreigner ever omits to mention in summing up the many affronts we put upon him. This last assertion we will not enter into. If true, the complainant should be very much obliged to us for the result, whatever the motive; but the first we are inclined seriously to question.

If the English be not good linguists, we ask who are better? Of course we except the Russians, as much out of pity as out of justice, since they are nothing else; but, setting them aside, which are the European nations with whom, as linguists, we may not cope? Let us listen to the Germans speaking French, to the French speaking Italian, or to the Italians attempting German; and it is no great boast to say that the English will beat them at all three. We do not allude to such linguists as turn out of our boarding-schools, where young ladies work "*Souvenez moi*" on book-markers, by way of "*Remember me!*" carefully pronounce, "*io parlō, tu parti, egli parlā,*" and timidly venture on "*dur, de, daz*"; or where boys do not even acquire so much as that: but we mean those of our countrymen and countrywomen who have acquired languages by the same process as foreigners themselves do, — that is, by actual foreign contact, and the perpetual censorship of the ear over the tongue. Not that we pretend to say there is any thing in the nature of the English language itself which gives the Englishman an aptitude for foreign tongues, but there is decidedly nothing in it which gives him an inaptitude for any one in particular; which is conspicuously the case with the three nations we have instanced. If an Englishman acquire the power of speaking one language,

he may acquire that of speaking any; while a German, however thoroughly he may obtain the sounds of English, will never master those of French; and as for a Frenchman, we have still to learn that he thoroughly masters any.

When, also, we compare one nation with another in any particular department of culture, we must take all others into consideration. We English, therefore, can only measure ourselves on the head of languages with such nations as are our equals in the general race of intellectual acquirement, and not with those who, like the Russians, neglect every other study to shine in this particular accomplishment alone, the utter emptiness of which, under such circumstances, it seems their particular vocation on earth to demonstrate. As for any native aptitude on their parts, for the acquisition of languages in general, which is a favorite theory with the world, we totally deny it. The confusion of tongues usually attending a well-got-up Russian is entirely owing to his imbibing them all like his native language, and too often at the expense of it; and, further, to his keeping them up at the sacrifice of every other solid attainment. There are plenty of English girls and boys, born and bred in St. Petersburg, who, by the same early process, acquire the same facility, though, we hope, not at the same cost. But take a full-grown Russian, who has, by accident of birth or situation, never spoken any language but his own, and magnificent as it is, and full of the strangest sounds and combinations letters can or cannot express, it will give him no help. His tongue will be as stiff and stubborn in breaking itself into any other as that of the veriest John Bull who never stirred out of his native country, if such an one may still be found. Of course, where an organ has been well worked with the constant and simultaneous use of several languages, a suppleness of tongue and retentiveness of ear is acquired, which smooths the passage to every fresh combination of sounds, but we believe in no language giving that advantage of itself. If so, the Russians, the Germans, and the English would start equally; for each has peculiarities of tongue equally novel and astonishing to the other. If it be difficult for us to open our mouths to vociferate German, or to open our throats to gurgle Russian, it is equally as difficult for them to shut both to lisp English.

One incontrovertible proof also, not only of our equality, but of our superiority in the command of languages, is the fact that more works have been written in a foreign tongue by the English than by any other nation. Voltaire, we

* NINFA. Eine Novelle. F. A. Brockhaus. Leipzig. 1846.

believe, wrote an essay in very stiff English; a German writer has published a continuation of *Childe Harold* in a style of English worthy of the composition; and Bettina has translated her *Letters* into a language which may not be hers, but is quite as little ours. But no nation can produce such names as Sir William Jones, Gibbon, Beckford, and, more recently, Lord Mahon, to say nothing of Lord Brougham; or such successful examples of the art of self-transposition as the foreign works they have produced.

The mere fact of the native utterer of one set of sounds being able to identify himself so perfectly in another as to make his very thoughts start to life in them, and his very imagination take flight in them, is, if we consider it, as great a phenomenon as any the human mind can exhibit. For the power of speech, dating from an age in which the intellect had no part, and of which the memory has no cognizance, seems to have come to us less as an acquirement than as a gift, and as such to be put on a par with the gifts of sight or hearing. To imitate, therefore, outwardly a certain number of sounds, so as to communicate in them with the tongue is sufficiently ingenious; but so to transmit inwardly as to ruminate with them in the closet, seems less an extension of the organ than a change in its nature altogether. The simpler is the habit for one mind to think in forms which are native to it, the greater is the wonder for another mind to think in forms which are foreign to it. Whether such *tours de force* be really advisable, or whether the end reward the effort, it is not our intention to inquire. We should say, decidedly not. At the same time, the interest of the question is by no means confined to the mere fact of the native of one country thinking in the language of another. The result of such a combination is in itself most curious. With the older authors we have mentioned this is no longer easy to observe. The Englishman and the French language (for these all wrote in French) are both too much altered to detect now where the union of them clashed with old forms, or gave rise to new. Lord Mahon is the only one of whom we can judge; and correct and beautiful as his French writing may be, still he has produced a French work no Frenchman would have written. The cultivated soil of his mind has given birth, not so much to the same vegetation which is spontaneous in another clime, but to a variety of the same. There is an English cross in it. It is a new style of literary architecture, amenable, perhaps, to some criticism, but more interesting in many respects than if it were not so.

The power of thus appropriating a foreign language has now extended to German. We have *Pickwick* translated into German by Mr.

Moriarty; and *Ninfa*, the tale before us, an original German work by an English lady. In Mr. Moriarty, the combination of the mind of one country with the speech of another is most conspicuous, inasmuch as no German could have translated *Pickwick* half so well. This gentleman plunged into the midst of German life, not studying any department exclusively, but identifying himself with all or any,—catching every turn and technicality living as it rose,—knowing far better what he needed in the German, than a German could have known what we meant in the English; and the result has been a German equivalent of the work in question, and not a German translation.

The author of *Ninfa* differs in this respect from both the examples we have instanced. Her power of self-transportation is perfectly marvellous. She has not so much thought in German, she has literally thought German itself. She astonishes us with the consistency of her disguise. We can sooner detect slight inaccuracies in her speech, betrayed rather by over-doings than by short-comings, than any inaccuracies in her character. Here she is impugnable. There is no sign of the English prompter in the whole piece. It is German in its hopes and delusions—in its descriptions and digressions. It is German in its simplicity, and in its affectation; in its heartiness, and in its hollowness; in its nerves, and in its nonsense. It is German in its vulgarity; and, above all, German in its profaneness. In a word, it is so German from the core, that, in many parts no art could reserve it back into English: we have no English for it.

Not that we consider the lady answerable for these characteristics, any more than an actress is for her part. It is a mere picture of German life she has attempted. The likeness, therefore, and not the original, is all she is responsible for; and whether it be a true and faithful likeness we must leave to such of our readers as *thoroughly* know German life and manners to judge of. At all events, it is not a flattering one. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to remember the English hand, or to forbear considering it as a simple German work; by which we tacitly admit the perfection of the feat, though we diminish the interest of the result. So much for the work considered simply as an imitation. But independently of this it has strong claims to our notice for original powers, both of pathos and humor, of a very uncommon kind; of which we shall endeavour to give the reader some idea.

Ninfa, the heroine of the book, is of no country. She is one of those exceptions to the common cast of human nature which it is difficult to describe without exciting ridicule or doubt, and which, unless we see, we, of this matter-of-fact

world will not believe in, and hardly even then. But we have seen a Ninfa, though, probably, the author of this book never saw ours; and hers and ours agree, as all true things must. At all risks, therefore, we must describe this Ninfa. She is a creature born with what the Germans would call a genius-nature; that is, with the same stamp of inspiration, the same irresistible call to follow one path and no other, which, in other minds, shows itself in one particular department, diffused with her throughout the whole character. She is one with whose spirit the spirits of all forms of truth witness; who worships all poetry and beauty, through whatever medium they may exist; and is herself a perpetual source and study of both. She is one who is pure, and true, and earnest, and profound, without effort, almost without principle; for principles are too much associated with the need of them to belong properly to a Ninfa; being good, but with the badge of evil — the good has come out of evil — the good *upon principle*. She is one who brings out all those with whom she comes in contact strongly in their own colors — some by contrast with herself, and some by sympathy; who has a witchery in her mere nature which an accomplished coquette looks upon as the highest art, and would give the world to possess; yet in whose presence dissimulation becomes apparent, conceit stupid, vulgarity uncomfortable, and affectation useless. She is one whom the simplest and the humblest of this world approach without fear, yet in whom the wisest and the best acknowledge something superior to themselves. She is a being who muses intensely, but reasons intuitively; who hates a sophistry, but worships a mystery; who is whimsical in her theories, but always sound; passionate in all she does and says, but never capricious, — in whom a look or a word will agitate mysterious fountains of the deepest sensibility, yet whom the most killing unkindness can never estrange, — one who has had no outward experience in actual life, yet who responds to the whole scale of human feelings; who is organized to enjoy and to suffer in a degree which some few can understand, but too many neither know, believe in, nor respect; whom, indeed, in the nature of things, this world cannot comprehend and must misunderstand: for what is simplicity in her is affectation in another — what is innocence in her is study in another — what is involuntary in her is calculation in another — what is a right in her is a pretension in another — what, in short, is beautiful nature in her, is too often only bad art in another. Not that she is perfect, or has even less imperfections than another, but that she has more of the "glory around her from Heaven, which is her home." She is one who conforms

in every way to the common things of life, yet throws over them all a spell of her own; who is likened alternately to a Sappho, a Corinne, and an Undine, yet is the *very woman* more than any of them; whom, in a word, we call "*all poetry*," and yet only half define thereby.

Add to this, a person exquisitely beautiful, not so much from any regularity of feature, as from a refinement and expression peculiar to itself — a voice irresistibly enchanting, not so much from any cultivation, as from quality and pathos entirely its own, — and the Ninfa, both of our knowledge and of the author's imagination, stands before us. Or rather, as the bud to the flower, so is hers to ours, for the Ninfa of the story is a child in age as in every thing else.

Our Ninfa, too, always reminds us of a southern atmosphere, as if only there such a plant could have received life or taken growth; and the Ninfa of the book is a native of the south, that is to say, Italy is her mother, and Germany is her father, and, like another Contarini Fleming, her nature partakes entirely of the first. As to her real mother in the flesh, Ninfa owes her nothing in the way of inheritance, the countess being merely a weak, vain, and rather improper Italian woman. This is, however, as it should be, for one of the characteristics of the Ninfa race consists in their being without father, mother, or descent — revelations to us from beginning to end. We suspect, too, that they are and must be essentially of the feminine gender. We once thought we had found a man-Ninfa, but he turned out a false one. But this only by way of suggestion. Our author hints that in Ninfa's strength of character traces of an iron, military, German father are to be found; but we know better; her character is all her own. Nor, of course, do her own parents understand her. Her mother loves her, but with the mere instinct which allows of no difference between her offspring and herself. She knows her to be her child, but does not know her to be a Ninfa. Her father loves no one, and therefore knows no one.

But to follow the story, if we can do so with one of mere feeling, with the least possible incident attached. Ninfa is introduced to us, in character as already described, residing with her mother at Sorrento on the Mediterranean, surrounded with all that is poetical in atmosphere, scenery, and society, breathing the air, and living the life of Italy, and feeling her native element therein. Herself, sixteen years of age, an exquisite singer, slight and pale, with large black eyes, and a living likeness of the Madonna della Seggiola. Three German travellers arrive in Sorrento, by name Wilhelm, Richter, and Otto. Wilhelm is a young man of two-and-

twenty, of attractive person and manners, fond of poetry and of the arts, considered to be of great intellectual promise, and passing for a man of profound feeling and thought; in reality, however, a dreamer, and weak and selfish as all dreamers, and especially German ones, always are. His father is a newly-created baron, minister to some petty German duke; and Wilhelm, his only son, is on his first travels.

Richter is his travelling tutor, a Lutheran clergyman of five-and-thirty, ugly, ambitious, vain, and clever, with great command of language, and power over the minds of others; but unfeeling, unprincipled, and unbelieving.

Otto we hardly require for the story, though one of the best characters of the book — of the coarse, blunt, humorous genus, — and helpful in bringing out those of his companions.

Visiting some church at Sorrento, they both see and hear the young Ninfa, who personates in a tableau of the Madonna, and also sings in the choir. They are astonished at her beauty and enchanted with her voice, succeed in making her acquaintance, linger on in Sorrento, are encouraged by the countess to come to her villa on the easy footing of all Italian society: and, in short, Wilhelm and Richter immediately fall in love with the young enchantress. Wilhelm, because he knows nothing of the world, and has seen nobody before; Richter, because he knows very much of the world, and has seen nobody like her before. Their love, too, affects them differently. Wilhelm is full of weak hesitations and scruples, all centering in self; thinks Ninfa too independent in her habits, and too open in her opinions: holds true German theories, that women can't be feminine unless they are foolish, nor safe if they are allowed any liberty; doubts whether she be calculated to make him happy, but never bestows a thought on the other side of the question; and though totally undecided about his own feelings, still keeps dangling after her without any consideration for hers.

Richter, on the other hand, has neither doubt nor scruple. He cares not how little he be formed to deserve Ninfa's hand or satisfy Ninfa's heart. He only knows that she is formed to satisfy his ambition, and bids the more boldly for the prize lest any one else should suspect its real value. Wilhelm, wrapt up in self, sees nothing of what passes in his companion's mind. Richter, old in disguise and penetration, conceals his own feelings, but at once sees through Wilhelm's, and determines to cross them. Neither of them are certain of Ninfa's, whose perfect simplicity is interpreted by each of the gentlemen according to his respective character. The sage Wilhelm, seeing in her frank manners only coquetry, and the vain Richter, encouragement.

Each pursues his suit also characteristically. Richter exerts all his powers of conversation, which are of no mean order, describes his travels, compares nations, expatiates on Goethe and Schiller, and flatters her. Wilhelm philosophizes and theorizes, talks of thoughts and feelings, acts the melancholy, sighs, and looks into her eyes. With Richter she becomes more and more open, calls him her father confessor, sits with him in the saloon of a morning, and learns astronomy; with Wilhelm, she becomes more and more reserved, expresses no pleasure in his society, but sits with him in arbors of an evening, and looks at the stars.

Of course it is easy to see how the matter stands with Ninfa. Gradually, and imperceptibly to herself, the mysterious poison is working in her, making her watchful, forgetful, and contradictory, disturbing her rest, spoiling her appetite, and producing all other signs of the disease; when she is first awakened to the real nature of her feelings by Richter's insidious deprecations of his pupil, whom, with love's true guiltiness, she dares not defend, and thus unconsciously strengthens Richter's hopes, according to the most approved precedent of cross purposedness.

Thus the summer and the first volume glide away in emotions for which the Germans have such a profusion of words — and our fair author has learned them all — and we so few. At length Richter, whose vanity continues to see nothing in her reserve towards Wilhelm, but preference for himself, surprises her with a deliberate proposal, and is rejected; and Wilhelm, who is deeper in love than ever, though no nearer knowing his own mind, stumbles into a declaration, and is accepted. Richter leaves Sorrento, wishing them joy in words, but vowing vengeance in heart; and the lovers live on in a dream, the one of devotion, the other of selfishness.

Involuntarily we halt here. Ninfa grieves us so intensely. We realize all the wretchedness of second sight. Behind every bright hope and innocent trust we see the fatal fetch. We want no last volume to tell us the end. We know what must ensue with a sensitive woman who cares not what she gives up, and a selfish man who cares not what he undertakes. We know how it must inevitably fare with one who has taken not so much the lover, as the love, "for better and for worse;" the strength of whose attachment is as certain as the weakness of its object; whose doom can as little fail as her devotion; who is, in a word, a Ninfa, with her affections given to a Wilhelm.

They are married; and the scene shifts to a small capital in the north of Germany, where

we are glad to exchange our author's necessarily untranslatable wanderings in the regions of German sensibility for some tangible specimen of her more lively powers:—

"In the north of Germany, as early as the month of November the cold begins to be severe. This winter it was unusually so. The streets and squares were more deserted than ever. The most cutting east wind howled and whistled with that melancholy, monotonous tone, which chills the very spirits. Flakes of snow, small and fine, filled the air and covered the ground; and it was evident that where they fell, there they fully intended to lie for some time to come.

"Piercing as was the cold of the outer air, equally stifling was the heat of a room in which the members of the Neuenberg family were assembled. It was a perfect hot-house temperature; and the red tips of the noses and ears of the ladies shewed but too plainly that this temperature was habitual. But this was the will of the father of the family, and his will no one dared to dispute. His nod was law. He was nowhere more prime minister than at home. For all this, however, there was one thing in the house which defied his power, and upon which neither threats, hard words, nor commands, produced the slightest impression. This was nothing more nor less than the tongue of the *Frau Ministerinn*. This small member was in perpetual rebellion, because in perpetual movement, talking sense and nonsense indiscriminately—oftenest the latter—and both with such a comfortable indifference as to who listened, or how they listened, that even the minister himself was compelled to let it talk on.

"This important personage was a thin, wiry, small man, considerably above fifty, with a singular absence of that polish of exterior which is usually most conspicuous in a courtier. On the contrary, there was something blunt and coarse in his manner, though behind it, with true courtier tact, he only concealed a more consummate art of flattery. For no one knew better than Baron Neuenberg how doubly a compliment tells from the lips of one who is known to carry his love of truth to absolute rudeness.

"The good gentleman now stood near the stove, looking every moment at a watch held in his hand. The most uncontrollable impatience was evident in all his gestures. From time to time he muttered half audible sounds, cleared his throat, and looked again at his watch.

"Opposite to him, in a window, sat the *Frau Ministerinn*, a fat, clumsy, red-cheeked little woman, who looked considerably older than her husband. She also seemed devoured with impatience—the only quality, by the way, this tender couple possessed in common—which she evinced by a perpetual fidget about her dress. She twitched one bow, and then another. She hitched her rose-beladen cap first over the right ear, and then over the left. She drew her false curls down on one side, and poked them up on the other, and she sighed and knitted away without ceasing."

The baron, when very young, and very much in debt, had married this lady for money; and she, when very *passée*, and very much in despair, had married him for a husband. She was a thoroughly vulgar, illiterate woman, but of that bustling, economical turn of mind, which is the one thing needful in a German wife, and which, in their small *ménage*, she exercised with great success. As her lord and master rose, however, step by step to his present giddy height, the poor little woman was hard put to it. Much as she enjoyed her new state, she could not divest herself of her old habits; and however their establishment might increase, the baroness only remained the upper maid-servant in it. Her peculiar volubility of tongue also became a serious dilemma. To restrain it was out of the question, and in the effort to exercise it in character, one half of her conversation was employed in correcting the other.

The rest of the group consisted of two daughters and a niece. Augusta, the eldest daughter, was a thin, ugly old maid, very sour, and very censorious, who had taken to religion for no other purpose, apparently, than to make herself more disagreeable, and her family more profane. Adèle, the second, was an affected, simpering wax doll, with fine shoulders, and a porcelain complexion, and high arched eyebrows, who played the piano most awfully, and spoke French at every other word. And Ottilia, the niece, was a bright, active, cheerful young woman, with that blunt openness of manner which passes at first for heartiness, but is as often the reverse. This was the family with whom Ninfa was to spend her life, and who now sat expecting the young couple.

"The baron now broke silence, and all eyes looked up,—

"'Just half-past one, and they not here yet. By Heavens, this is intolerable! Minna! (to his wife) did you write clearly that I sit down to dinner every day as the clock strikes one?'

"'Yes, yes,' said the old lady, answering too fast to know what she said, 'that I did. That's to say, not I, but Augusta. But it is all one, for I read the letter—that's to say, I did not actually read it, but I saw how it was written, which comes to the same thing. May but no accident have happened! God help them, and preserve them! All the things will be spoilt. Not that I have time to attend to such matters. I have so much to look after—that's to say, not I, but my establishment; for a good housewife—that's to say, a minister's wife, has such an awful responsibility upon her, and I always have thought and said, and always shall think and say.....'

"'Augusta!' cried the Baron, stemming the stream of words with a voice of thunder; 'Augusta! did you write clearly and distinctly?'

"O, yes, dearest father!" said Augusta, with the meekness of a persecuted angel.

"Yes, yes, that she did!" continued the mother, pouring out faster than ever. "I myself dictated to her; that's to say, not actually dictated to her, but commissioned her to say, at the stroke of one we sit down to table. May but the soup and the roast meat not be spoilt! To-day is Monday — may but no accident have befallen them! On Mondays I have always roast meat, that's to say, roast veal; and to-day I have got a chicken in addition. God keep them and preserve them! For the calves are always killed on Saturday; why on earth don't they come? that's why they are always ready for eating on Monday."

"It struck two o'clock. To the baron these two strokes sounded like the dirge of his dinner. He sprang forward, and plucked at the bell. At that moment a carriage drove up: the baron rushed to the window, the door opened, and Wilhelm flew into his arms.

"Ninfa followed him enveloped in fur from head to foot. She looked tired and languid, but delicate and white as a fresh gathered lily. The sudden change from the outer cold to this hot-house climate struck upon her sensitive nerves. The immediate cross-fire of half-intelligible questions bewildered her. She felt giddy. The room swam before her eyes, and not a word could she utter. The ladies did not know what to make of her silence, but they talked themselves all the more. At length, with a great effort, Ninfa turned to the old baroness and stammered out, —

"Dear mother!" and then stopped short.

"Then the baron stepped gravely up to her, and took her hand, saying, —

"We have no time to lose in words; allow me to conduct you to the dining-room: it is high time. Excuse me for dispensing with further ceremony, but I am accustomed to say what I think, and it is already late and my time precious."

"These words the baron had uttered with ill-concealed impatience, without giving a look at her to whom they were addressed. But now looking up in astonishment at the mute figure which stood stock-still before him, his practised eye saw that something was amiss, —

"By the Almighty!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter with you?"

"Ninfa had all but fainted: her eyes sought anxiously round the circle, and her lips faintly murmured, —

"Air, Wilhelm, air; I am suffocating!"

"Wilhelm thrust his mother and sisters forcibly aside, flew to his wife, tore off her heavy wrappers, carried her to the window and dashed it open; while, half in German, half in Italian, he poured forth a thousand tender expressions. The ladies had all crowded round the couple; one recommending one thing, and one another, and all talking at once. With the utmost difficulty could poor Ninfa succeed in making Wilhelm hear in Italian, that with such a noise about her she could never get better; and with still

greater difficulty could Wilhelm persuade one member of the family after the other to go to their dinner, and leave him alone with his wife.

"Now, by the Almighty!" said the Baron (we can't help his profane expressions), with a tone of insuperable mortification, as he took his seat at table; "what a childish piece of goods is this Wilhelm has brought us! How am I ever to present such an unmannered thing at court? Absolutely I shall be ashamed of her. She does not seem to have the slightest idea that my time belongs to my sovereign and my country. Neither sense nor consideration in her! Pray does she imagine the whole world was made to attend to her fancies? But she is come to the wrong person for that. She shall hear my mind; she shall have the truth, and the whole truth from me."

"And not to try my elixir," fell in the old lady, in the most peevish tones of her voice; "it would have done her so much good, a little goose! I made it with my own hands, stupid little thing! So that's all we have got for our pains. Well shaken, and taken before dinner, I never knew it to fail — the ill-mannered little fool! Only three teaspoonsful; and it does not taste so bad, after all. So that's my daughter-in-law! Nothing on earth is more warming, composing, and strengthening for the stomach! Well, I feared as much — we have got it now!"

"The baron had spoken, and spoken, as he believed, like an oracle; he therefore pursued his dinner diligently, and let his wife prate on without offering to interrupt her.

"Adèle, however, seized a lucky moment when the mouth of her *Frau Mamma* was engaged with too large a piece of roast veal to be particularly articulate in its pronunciation, and delivered her opinion: —

"I cannot conceive," she lisped out, "I'm all astonishment — *je tombe du ciel!* Wilhelm described her as a beauty. O, *mon Dieu!* a *beauté!* Small, pale, and thin! The idea, *par exemple*, such a beauty as that I call *un peu extraordinaire* — ha! ha!"

"Whether she be pretty or ugly," interrupted Augusta, "is all one to me: I have not so much even as looked at her; I don't trouble myself with such worldly matters. One thing, however," she added, with a deep sigh, "one thing I have observed, and that is, that she has no control over her temper! Herr Richter remarked the same in Italy; he told me so the other day; that's dreadful. If she cannot overcome herself, how is she to overcome the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil? How is she to fight against the corruption of her own wicked nature? The Lord have mercy upon her, poor little thing! for weak, very weak, does she appear to be; restless and unstable as the waters; tottering and insecure as the house that is built on sand!"

Meanwhile Ottilia goes to help Ninfa, with whom she quickly makes friends, and sends Wilhelm to his father, who carries him off after dinner to pay his respects to the Duke. After rest-

ing. Ninfa returns to the sitting-room, the general effect of which is then faithfully described, as all who know German *intérieurs* will at once admit:—

“There was something stiff and freezing in the very arrangement of the room. Not an easy line in it. Perpendicular and horizontal, as if measured by rule and plummet, stood the scanty pieces of furniture. Each seemed to have been carefully adjusted in the true mathematical angle, and screwed down into its place. Exactly in the centre of the room lay a round carpet, exactly in the centre of the carpet stood a round table, exactly in the centre of the table rose a tall lamp. In the whole room there was not one of those little elegant trifles to which Ninfa’s eyes were accustomed, and which lie about in graceful disorder in her Italian *salons*. The ladies sat round the table; the distance between each seemed to have been measured with a pair of compasses. They had all precisely the same work in their hands, and even the work-baskets, had a striking family likeness.”

Ninfa does her utmost now to atone for the unfortunate scene at her first entry. She listens cheerfully to the Baroness, who enters into a discursive history of her canvass-work; sustains meekly a preaching from Augusta, who bids her tremble and never forget that Wilhelm is only *lent* to her: is appealed to in two squabbles, one between Otilia and Augusta, and the other between Augusta and Adèle; and then, getting a little impatient, unguardedly exclaims,—

“‘But where on earth is my Wilhelm, all this while?’

“‘My dear!’ said the old lady hastily, though with the utmost sententiousness; ‘my dear, he’s *at court*.’ Her action and tone of voice were sufficient to show that in this part of the world, the mere words *at court* conveyed the idea of the highest earthly felicity; and that if once a dear friend were so lucky as to get there, no one in their senses would think of wishing him back again.”

But it is not the court alone that swallows up Wilhelm. German habits allow of no easy mingling even of the nearest relations. The ladies all collect in one room, the gentlemen in another. Wilhelm is either smoking or talking, or eternally walking up and down the room with a knot of gentlemen, and if Ninfa, in the innocence of her heart, seeks to join him, or to detach him, she is followed by looks of horror and astonishment from the whole bench of ladies; or hears a sour voice intimating, in very audible tones, that it is not the custom in their country to run after gentlemen!

Ninfa is thus left much to herself, and Richter, with whom, after the first awkwardness is overcome, she gladly resumes her former cheerful

footing, finds her, one evening, sitting alone far from the company, in a little room, turning over the few books the house afforded.

“‘So alone, *gnädige Frau!*’ said he, astonished. ‘In your own country this never could have happened. There they would think it a strange state of society which keeps its male members in one room and its female members in another. The very sight of such a thing provokes me, as I see it has depressed you. I could almost wish I had never known your lovely land; and yet’—

“Richter had touched a chord which vibrated painfully in Ninfa’s heart, and he had touched it purposely. His practised eye had immediately seen the total uncongeniality between herself and her new relations. He was convinced, too, that the difference between German and Italian society in general, but especially between the circles in which she moved formerly and in which she moved now, would tell most painfully upon such a mind as hers.”

He goes off into a vehement tirade against the manners and habits of the Germans. Their contemptible deference for the slightest shadow of rank and title, the narrow barriers they had established between one class and another in society; their disgusting immorality, by far worse than that of the Italians, because so far more gross, &c.; all perfectly true, but brought forward only to grate on the feelings of Ninfa; ending by comparing her to a delicate Psyche, created to range free in the regions of poetry, and who, in this contracted and impure atmosphere, would only suffer a kind of protracted moral death.

“‘Yes, I must say,’ he added, with a sigh, ‘a deep and undefinable horror takes possession of me when I see, in imagination, those celestial pinions torn off and trampled under foot by gross and vulgar natures.’

“‘Herr Richter,’ said Ninfa, gently but firmly, ‘have no uneasiness on my account. I shall be able to conform to all that is required of me. I have soared long enough at large. It is time for me now to accommodate myself to earth. A German’s wife must be contented with German habits and manners; and where Wilhelm’s home is, there also,’ she tried to add, ‘I feel myself at home!’ but the words died away on her lips,—‘there also it is my duty to feel myself at home!’”

True to this principle, Ninfa exerted herself in every way to study the habits and gain the affections of those with whom she was appointed to live. She entered into all their petty interests, sought instruction in German homekeeping, took her share in the allotted squares of canvass, &c., &c. It was something like Pegasus harnessed to the plough. But here the simile ended. Ninfa gave her whole strength to the burden; she drew it cheerfully along; she had no flights and

no pauses. One thing supported her in all she attempted — one thing cast a poetry over all she had to encounter — the thought, “for Wilhelm’s sake,” turned every effort she made, however foreign to her nature, into a labor of love. Thus she persevered from week to week, but she persevered in vain. Every week but seemed to leave her more isolated and less understood in the family. The censorious Augusta found endless improprieties in her open conversation and easy deportment; and especially could not get over her looking through a volume of prints, which, she declared, outraged all feelings of morality, religion, and womanly delicacy — and that with a gentleman by her side! It was a volume of the *Dresden Gallery*! Adèle pronounced her manners to be excessively *mauvais genre*, and her dress incredibly *mauvais goût*; could not discover that she had the least talent for music, and wondered anybody else thought so; while the Baroness herself was too good a mother not to side with her children whenever they happened to agree.

“In vain was Ninfa ever ready with the most unflagging sweetness to accompany the old lady in calls and shoppings without doors, and in visits to kitchen, store-room, and cellar at home, where the Baroness cordially enjoyed lending a little assistance with her own hands. In vain did she listen with edifying attention to endless complaints of present prices as compared with past, and to the most minute account of the precise quantities of butter, eggs, and milk, &c., required to make a ‘truly divine omelet.’ She advanced no further.

“With Ottilia, however, this was, different. ‘Tis true, Ninfa found but little trustworthiness and less sympathy in her; still, between the two there grew up a kind of sisterly intimacy. No one could be more ready, willing, and useful than Ottilia. Poetry, genius, and enthusiasm were, however, unknown words to her, and there was a want of refinement and delicacy in all she said and did which too often jarred on Ninfa’s sensitive feelings.”

Under all these circumstances, Ninfa looked forward impatiently to taking possession of a house now preparing for them, when she should be relieved from the thankless task of studying those who would not be pleased, and, above all, have her own Wilhelm more to herself.

Two persons, however, there were who had some perception of her character, though they could not compass its whole beauty: these were her father-in-law and the duke himself. Each was too conscious how artificial he was himself, not to know truth and nature when he saw it: the rest of the *Krähwinkel* world around them took their own artificiality for truth. But both the duke and his minister had seen the world, and though this may leave a man unaltered in

his own person, — for a higher knowledge is requisite for that, — yet it enlarges his estimate of others. The baron soon found out her sense, and the duke her talents.

This latter personage is one of our author’s ablest-drawn characters. We recognize something of the pedantic Carl Auguste of Goethe’s adoration in the would-be connoisseur and caricatured enthusiast, who returns from a residence of two years in Italy to transform his solid old German castle into an Italian palazzo; to change the name of the chief street of his little capital from *langer Gasse*, or long lane, into the *Corso*; to build seven artificial little hills within sight of his windows as a remembrance of Rome; and especially to dye his own Saxon red hair and mustachios a brilliant transalpine black. Excellent also is the description of a certain bold, handsome countess, who presides at the castle, and rules the duke, and before whom the whole society — fathers and mothers of families — bow with the utmost servility, and cover her table on birth days and fête-days with tokens of respect.

On such an occasion as this Ninfa accompanies her husband’s family to the castle. A concert is the order of the evening; and after a tremendous performance by Adèle, the duke inquires aloud if no one present could sing Italian.

“My daughter-in-law is an Italian, and sings a little, please your highness,” said a tongue from the further end of the room, which was always ready to wag.

Ninfa was fetched from a seat by the old lady’s side, where she had been overlooked the whole evening, and brought to the piano. Nervous and frightened, she strikes a wrong chord, looks round in dismay, catches Wilhelm’s eye tenderly fixed upon her, forgets all else, and sings at once her barcarole as if only he were present. The duke bursts into the most extravagant expressions of admiration; Italian music is his mania, and this is true Italian music; he beseeches for more, and Ninfa strikes up a song of triumph, a favorite of Wilhelm’s, then repeats the barcarole, and, while the room is ringing with applause, rises from the piano, lays her arm on her husband’s, and only feels that she has pleased him. The duke, however, immediately separates them, leads her himself to the supper-table, calls her his beautiful Corrinne, extols her conversation as much as her singing, and her reputation for beauty and talent is at once established, and her happiness further endangered. No fête can now take place at the castle without Ninfa. The duke is her declared admirer, he consults her on every absurd Italianizing project, while Ninfa astonishes the whole small world by the little awe with which his highness inspires her.

The new house was now ready. Ottilia was

the only individual whom Ninfa regretted leaving; the more so as Ottilia was evidently not happy, was pushed aside to make room for Adèle, and had no other home. With more kindness than prudence Ninfa proposes to Wilhelm to take Ottilia to live with them. Wilhelm assents. The whole family pronounce it to be the very best arrangement in the world, and are instantly ready with every kind of wrong motive to weaken the right. "Ottilia was such a good housekeeper; Ottilia would be the greatest help to Ninfa; Ottilia was lively, and Ninfa often alone," &c. In short, as is too often the case in this perverse and all-perverting world, the real motive was so hammered, and filed, and twisted, and wrung, that nothing remained of its original shape. Instead of the compassionate Ninfa, who was so good as to free the forlorn Ottilia from an uncomfortable position, it was the good housekeeper Ottilia who was so good as to help the bad housekeeper Ninfa in her new home.

They took possession, and Ottilia did help most efficiently, and told capital stories about Ninfa's mistakes in kitchen and store-room, and Ninfa laughed as heartily as any one; but still she felt that Ottilia told them oftener than there was any occasion; and especially she disliked their being told to Wilhelm, and could not help seeing that Ottilia related them with greater gusto to him than to any one else. "A loving heart," as our author truly says, "can bear any thing better than being lowered in the eyes of the loved one." Was it really so? or did it only so appear? But it certainly struck Ninfa that the happy art of absenting herself from time to time was less and less practised by Ottilia. Was it true? or was it only a foolish idea that whenever Wilhelm was at home Ottilia was inseparable from Ninfa's side? At all events, if the precious freedom of conjugal affection, which, at times, the presence even of the dearest friend would profane, was hindered, Wilhelm did not appear to observe it. If his Ninfa were rarely if ever alone with him, he did not seem to miss her; if the delicate, tender girl, who had left all to follow him, had become less cheerful, her flights of radiant merriment less frequent, he did not seem to guess the cause. Oh, Wilhelm! selfish man! what had you to do with that pale Italian lily? One of the coarse cabbage-roses of your own land could alone thrive in the soil you had to offer. Clouds are gathering at home and abroad. The duke's extravagant admiration, in itself a burlesque no rational being would have mistaken, is pointing some arrows; Richter, the base and the cruel, is poisoning others; silly women are throwing abroad darts and firebrands, and saying, "Are we not in sport?" the Delilah at the castle is sneering, as if she pitied Ninfa's arts, but did not

fear them; and Wilhelm is all the more ready to be jealous for not being indisposed to be faithless.

Ninfa is no walker; Wilhelm requires exercise, and Ottilia can walk ten miles at a stretch. Day after day the couple go out together. On one of the occasions the baron comes in, inquires where Ottilia is, looks knowing, and lets out that before Wilhelm went abroad, they all thought he and Ottilia would have made a match of it. "It is strange," said Ninfa, with a thoughtful look, "but Wilhelm never told me a word of that!" at which the baron laughs, and says she has nothing to do with her husband's flirtations before his marriage. Another time Richter finds her alone; remarks, as if casually, what a capital walker Fräulein Ottilia is; that he has met her and Wilhelm miles away in the most out-of-the-way places; congratulates her jocosely on not being so jealous as most of her countrywomen; and, though her native dignity forbids all direct allusion, and her perfect simplicity baffles all crooked insinuations, does not quit the subject till he has made quite sure it is a tender one.

Poor Ninfa! annoyances, disappointments, the loss of comfort, luxuries, and intellectual pleasures, have but made her retire deeper into the sanctuary of her love. Now this is invaded! Suspicion is forced upon a heart to which it is as foreign as dissimulation, and dissimulation must follow too. She must suffer tortures, and not show that she feels them; she must see things to which the key has been thrust upon her, and not betray that she has it; she must act a part, she must wear a mask, and this with a mind the first law of which is to be without disguise. Not that she watches the couple; that is beyond her power: on the contrary, she leaves them freer than ever, as if she would deny that mistrust in action which she cannot overcome in heart; and this again involves her deeper, for evil is swift to increase. Her evident constraint provokes Wilhelm to a show of coarse indifference, and his seeming indifference goads her on to fresh constraint.

Meanwhile Richter is not idle with his former pupil. He knows him well, and lays his plans accordingly. His first object is to undermine Ninfa as a foreigner. The evident indifference and even ridicule with which she receives the attentions of his highness, he dwells upon, not as a proof of the innocence of her mind, as the simpler Wilhelm had suggested, but of its natural laxity. At the same time, he provokes him by affecting to make light of it, declaring it to be simply what was to be expected from an Italian woman, and what every man must put up with who married one; that the women of the south attached no importance to moral derelictions; it was a part of their life, &c.; and then, Mephis-

topheles as he is, turns away with the heartiest contempt for the man whose confidence in his wife it cost him so little trouble to undermine, and that wife a Ninfa!

Yet even with all these machinations going on, the young couple had well-nigh baffled their enemies; for Ninfa's truth speaks too plainly, and Wilhelm's confidence revives too instinctively; and more than once their hearts are ready to flow over, and two words between them would have cleared all, but for Ottilia, who always appears like an evil genius to separate them.

It is not, however, either in Ninfa's power or nature long to continue this state of torture. She can better bear to renounce her happiness than to doubt it. Step by step, as Wilhelm's affection seems to recede from her, does she gently follow with a purer grant of her own. It is, as we said, the love, and not the lover, which she has taken for better and for worse. Day after day, as the storm increases, does she throw overboard every remaining weight of selfishness, so as still to rise with the waters that are gathering over her. If her husband withdraws his support, the bark of her affection must float in its own buoyancy.

Nor is it his support alone that is failing her. Her own health is playing false too. Her delicate frame languishes beneath climate and habits foreign to it. Days of constraint and nights of sleeplessness are doing their work, and odd bewildering sensations only draw further on the false strength of which they are themselves the penalty. Signs of suffering are now interpreted into proofs of guilt. Wilhelm affects to see nothing in her constraint but the awkwardness of inexperienced vice; and in her gentleness, but a feint to cover it. With the meanness of a weak character, he goes about catering for his own disgrace, courts fresh calumnies from Richter, encourages his sister's trumpety detractions, storms at himself for having been fool enough to marry a foreigner, then comes home and pours his complaints into the ear of Ottilia, who affects to take Ninfa's part, but damns her with the faint defence of her Italian blood and education.

"When she became my wife, she became a German," answers the coarse man. Such ebullitions as this Ottilia turns off with her usual liveliness, and, half in joke, half in earnest, succeeds, at all events, in diverting his thoughts from Ninfa to herself; for which Wilhelm, led away partly by jealousy, partly by the insidious arts of an unprincipled girl, shows his gratitude in demonstrations of rather a heartier nature than the occasion requires. These scenes happen often. There is no end to the confidential conversations between the couple, to which Ninfa herself puts less and less barriers. The matter-of-fact Eng-

lish reader will wonder that the privacy of the nuptial character did not give full opportunity for clearing away mistakes; but our author knows German life too well to make a married couple share the same apartment, and Ninfa shrinks away early to her own whenever stolen looks or whispered words shew her that a *tête-à-tête* is desired. This is not prudent; but prudence, in a worldly sense, a Ninfa cannot exercise, unless it follow in the practice of some higher quality.

One night she returns to the drawing-room for something she had forgotten. She hears Wilhelm's and Ottilia's whispering voices in the next room. As she passes the door she sees them standing together, sees Wilhelm with his arm round Ottilia, sees him kiss her! With hasty steps, as if guilty herself, Ninfa turns away, goes up-stairs mechanically, bars her door, feels a strange bewildering sensation, and sinks into a chair. There she lies, not fainted, not in tears, but like a somnambule. The lights burn gradually down, the furniture casts long spectral shadows on the walls, the paper sockets of the candlesticks catch fire and illumine the room for a few seconds with a fitful glare, and then all is dark. Ninfa sees all with her wide open eyes, but her spirit is in the room below, where the couple stand side by side. The chill of early morning rouses her. During that long trance she had only felt she was wretched: now she knows why. That dreadful scene returns with all the power of truth, and the horror of a vision. The pattern of the paper on the wall seems to paint it, the ticking of the watch on the table seems to repeat it; a cold perspiration stands on her forehead; she springs up, throws open the window, sees the sun rise in his glory, and thinks "Can that be the same that shone on me in Italy?"

From this day all rapidly conspires to overwhelm her. The duke is taken up with some fresh Italianizing absurdities, to be enacted on his birth-day and kept secret from every one but Ninfa. He converses with her mysteriously whenever they meet—is observed to visit her when Wilhelm and Ottilia are absent—to remain some time. All this is duly reported, with every aggravation gossip and envy could suggest. Now, too, Richter brings forward personal accusations as to Ninfa's misconduct even before marriage, shows the leaves of a journal which he has clandestinely abducted, and makes an apostrophe to Wilhelm appear as if to another person. But this is a piece of conventional novelism we could have dispensed with. There is no need of it. There is calumny enough already loaded to destroy any unprotected woman in its explosion. Wilhelm returns home, finds Ninfa silent, absent, and paler than ever, and bursts into brutal re-

proaches. She looks at him beseechingly, like a second Undine, as if, for his own sake, she would entreat him to forbear; while Ottilia gives the closing sting by advising her not to irritate Wilhelm, and by promising to follow and pacify him. On such an occasion as this, Richter enters, sees his opportunity, and says that of Wilhelm and Ottilia which he had never dared to say before. For a few minutes his insidious words find too ready a response in her agitated thoughts to be denied a hearing. Encouraged by this, Richter pursues his advantage too far—betrays as much enmity for Wilhelm as zeal for her wrongs—and in a moment Ninfa is all the indignant wife, and Richter peremptorily dismissed from her presence.

The defence of her husband seemed to have given Ninfa new life. The inertness of a weary and oppressed heart was suddenly gone. The feeling of justifying him had been too sweet not to continue it: every impulse seemed to set that way. She took his fault on herself; she blamed herself for the want of that prudence she had before despised. Why had she left him so much alone with Ottilia?—why had she in the first instance requested Ottilia to live with them? She herself had done the harm, she alone could repair it; but how? One thing suddenly occurred to her. A few days before, the old baron had begged her interposition with the duke for an important situation just vacant, which would be the making of Wilhelm's fortune. For, though appreciating the purity of her character, he was too much the slave of his calling not to turn it to account for worldly purposes. At the time Ninfa had listened to the baron's voluble representations of the perfect propriety of such a step, of Wilhelm's gratitude, of the joy of the whole family, of the impossibility of obtaining the situation in any other way, and so on, with puzzled absent thoughts, and had given a passive assent, hardly knowing what she promised. Now the idea flashed across her as the bright harbinger of peace and trust. She could do this for her husband—she alone—Ottilia could not interfere if she would. That very day was the duke's birthday. They were all invited to the castle; she was to assist in various festive ceremonies. She would ask for the situation, and then, when Wilhelm's heart was softened with the thought that it was his Ninfa who had obtained it for him, she would open her whole soul to him, confess her sufferings, and her self-reproaches, beg forgiveness and give it, and not cease till they were united in fresh bonds of mutual confidence and affection.

They all start for the castle. Ninfa's shallow peace is well-nigh gone. Various words and looks between the couple, Wilhelm's more than

usual coldness, Ottilia's unusual abstraction, have revived the demons of suspicion in her bosom. The tender scenes of reconciliation she had conjured up in her imagination have but left her sharper-sighted to the reality. Still she clings feverishly to the thought of obtaining the situation as the only step for terminating this state of suffering, and beginning a better epoch. Her heart is distracted between that which she has determined to do and that which every glance at the countenances of her companions but seems to tell her can never be undone. She is dressed with more than usual care—her manner is excited. Her eyes are full and bright, her pale cheeks have an unusual glow, and her voice sounds loud and unnaturally clear in her own ears.

They are received with great distinction. The most brilliant society is assembled. Ninfa is the queen of the fête. The duke is perpetually at her side. She smiles at his attentions with her brilliant eyes—she laughs aloud at his foolish jokes; it is evident that she is exerting all her power to please her royal admirer, and yet her look is absent, and her eyes wander perpetually round the room in quest of some object. Wilhelm is equally on the watch, Ottilia at his side. He has seen Ninfa receive these attentions with evident satisfaction—he has caught her eye seeking his with evident anxiety. He now observes her speaking aside with the duke, sees her lift up her head with a look of triumph, and him bend his towards her with evident complacency, and then the duke leads her all radiant to the piano—she is to open the concert. Wilhelm can stand no more; his fury is beyond all power of self-possession. In vain Ottilia argues and persuades, she now can't stop the torrent she has helped to swell; and, fearing a scene, she drags him almost by force from the room.

Ninfa has obtained the promise of the place. What she said or heard she hardly knows, for a dinning sound is in her ears, but she knows she has obtained it. She sits down at the piano. Not her usual songs, not those love-breathing Venetian melodies which Wilhelm loved, and the duke entreats for, flow from her lips, but she suddenly bursts with a wild Neapolitan pirate song, calculated to inspire terror rather than pleasure. The voice is strangely loud and ringing, her words fearfully articulate and expressive. She sits there like a Pythoness. Such an exhibition of fire and energy had never been heard before. Not the duke alone, but the whole audience, is carried away. Before the burst of enthusiasm was nearly over Ninfa had risen from her seat. Her eyes are searching wildly round. Where is Wilhelm? he is no

where to be seen; and Ottilia? they are both away! The duke begins some extravagant epithets of admiration, but Ninfa no longer hears. The over-tension of her powers gives suddenly way, and she falls fainting on the floor.

The duke raises her up to carry her into the next room. The countess, who had hitherto remained a haughty spectatress of his devotions, now interferes with the ill-disguised violence of the most vulgar jealousy. A word of remonstrance from his highness, and it bursts forth. Forgetting every semblance of that decorum which she has so long forfeited in reality, she attacks the duke like a fury, pours forth epithets of the lowest nature, addressed alternately to him and to the inanimate Ninfa, and seems from her gestures to threaten more. The ladies surround her. The old baron tries to pacify her, and is drawing her out of the room, when Wilhelm hastily enters. At the sight of him the lady bursts into laughter, taunts him with insulting epithets of pity, and, seizing him by the arm, points to the scene in the next room.

Ninfa was lying stretched on the sofa, still insensible, the duke leaning over her. "Ninfa!" screamed Wilhelm; and rushing on the duke, he seized him by the throat, and, wrestling with him, threw him down. At this moment Ninfa opened her eyes; the change of air had done her good, and the well-known voice calling her name had wakened her from that sleep of death.

"She drew herself slowly up; she looked round at the inexplicable scene going on before her eyes, and in vain endeavoured to comprehend what it meant. The same bewildering sensations which had oppressed her before now returned more powerfully than ever. It seemed as if every outer object did not reflect itself on her eyes, but penetrated to her very brain. She felt as if her senses were wandering. A dreadful presentiment was upon her. She made an effort, rose up, and turned slowly, and almost imperiously to Wilhelm.

"Come," she said, with a hard metallic voice, which had not the least resemblance to her natural, round, full tones, "come, Wilhelm! Let us go home."

"It seemed as if every one present had lost the power of speech and movement. Even Wilhelm stood as if benumbed among a circle of gentlemen who had torn him from the duke. After a few moments of ghastly silence, the baron turned to Wilhelm, and said,

"You remain here. I give you in charge to these gentlemen; they will be answerable for you. Go into the next room and await my orders." Then he turned to Ninfa and said, with a touch of emotion, "Go home, my child! Ottilia will accompany you. We will soon follow."

"Ninfa obeyed mechanically. She spoke not

a word during the drive home, went up stairs, signed to her companion to leave her, and locked the door."

An explanation now takes place. The baron accuses Wilhelm, Wilhelm accuses Ninfa, and refers to Richter for proofs, and not only of her present, but of her previous, misconduct. Richter is fetched, and Otto, who for the first time is of use to the tale, now comes forward, and relates what nobody had suspected before, namely, Richter's passion for Ninfa, and her rejection of him. Proofs are brought which establish his subsequent hatred and malice. The leaves of the journal are shown to have been addressed to Wilhelm, and in short all is brought to light. The father says solemnly, "Not a shadow of suspicion rests on Ninfa."

"Oh, to her! to her!" groaned Wilhelm, and was rushing away.

"But the baron laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and, looking severely in his pale, agitated face, said, with slow words,—

"Yes, go to her and endeavour to make amends for what you have committed. She will forgive you, I know that though you are not worthy; for what woman does not forgive the worst errors towards her, if love for her have been their cause? But purify your love from the stains of selfishness and mistrust which stick to it. Go! Ninfa is a pearl among women."

Wilhelm hastens home. He can hardly wait till the door is opened. He flies up stairs, finds Ninfa's door fastened, tries it gently, knocks, knocks louder, receives no answer, and bursts it frantically open. A sad and shocking spectacle met his eye. Ninfa lay there, half on the bed, half off, as if she had fallen in trying to reach it; one hand rigidly clasped in the curtain, her feet hanging on the floor; her whole person livid and motionless as a corpse, but her large black eyes wide open!

We hasten to conclude the tragedy. A medical man is called. He declares the brain to be suffering from a severe shock—that she must have undergone long and severe mental anxiety. Every means are tried, but she lies there for three days—the large eyes staring wider and wider—then the eyelids move—she knows Wilhelm for one blissful moment, and dies.

We should, perhaps, apologize to our readers for bringing thus circumstantially before them so obsolete and repudiated a thing as a *broken heart*. But they are little to be envied who can read *Ninfa* without some twinge of their own. Old faiths, too, are reviving, old truths returning, and we should not wonder to see even the doctrine of the broken heart restored to belief and respect. The mistake has been in supposing the disease to be immediately fatal, whereas it is

the distinctive character of all heart-complaints to dally unmercifully with their victims before they put an end to them. Physically and morally a heart takes a long time to kill—though Ninfa's was a happy exception—and it is the lingering nature of the broken heart which has brought upon it distrust and ridicule.

As to the question of the justice or injustice done to the Germans by this picture, we must leave it, as we said before, to those who thoroughly know them, to judge. One thing is evident, that the author herself must be either so Germanized as to be blind to the conclusions that may be drawn, or that she has purposely intended to expose the habits and principles of German life. In either case it is plain that her opportunities for observation must have been ample, and it is difficult to suppose that what she knows so well she can altogether describe wrongly. Setting aside, however, all criticism on this score, the great merit of the book consists in bringing one idea forward, and filling the reader irresistibly with it; and this is the unnatural union of two different characters and countries, and the natural penalty that must ensue, which, from the very nature of the compact, must only fall on the party who has already sacrificed the most. That this should have happened to a Ninfa has made the suffering more acute, and the end more sudden, but we see in it more or less the fate of every woman who gives up the chance of a tolerably bad husband of her own race for the certainty of an infinitely worse one of another race. It matters not if this be called prejudice or illiberality. Be it so. Now that peace has removed so many outward obstructions to our intercourse with foreigners, we the more require other barriers between us. Some of our best writers for youth, Priscilla Wakefield, in her *Travellers at Home*, and Miss Edgeworth, in her *Patronage*, have helped to familiarize the last generation with the idea of foreign marriages, and to throw a *prestige* over foreign husbands, which was quite unnecessary. For a young female heart has, under any circumstances, an appetite for self-devotion, which there is no need to foster with false inducements. The more it has to sacrifice the better it likes it. And the idea of having to learn his language, acquire his customs, live among his people, and, in short, renounce all for him, and look to him alone for compensation, is a temptation of which only older heads could see the fallacy. Unfortunately older heads have been as foolish as young ones, without their excuse. Parents have been as blind as children, and the last twenty years or more have seen numbers of precious young English girls consigned over thoughtlessly to sounding titles, specious manners, and distant

lands, whose subsequent fate, if the truth were known, would almost, without exception, furnish a melancholy warning both to parent and child. Meanwhile we groan in spirit over each exportation of the young and the trusting that comes to our knowledge, and the history of poor Ninfa, fictitious as we hope it is in fact, is too faithful to truth not to have given fresh strength to the feeling. — *Fraser's Magazine*.

A DERIVATION OF "GENTLEMAN."—In the age of Valentinian, the converts to Christianity in the Western Empire consisted chiefly of the middle classes in the towns. The agricultural population still adhered to the traditions and superstitions of their ancestors with such tenacity, that the word "Pagans," which literally signifies the inhabitants of the rural districts, became a generic name for all classes of idolaters. In the higher ranks, the Christians were chiefly found among the officers of State and the ministers of the Imperial Court, who were for the most part unconnected with the patrician body, and owed their elevation either to their military services or to imperial favor. The old patrician families who have affected to trace their descent to the great aristocratic houses of the ancient republic—the "Gentiles," as they loved to call themselves—adhered to polytheism, which now alone afforded any external evidence of their hereditary rank; and hence "gentile-man," or "gentleman," came to be used indifferently for a man of exalted birth or polished manners, and for one who rejected the truths of Christianity.—*Taylor's European Society*.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.—"It has been observed, that if the French had been an educated people, many of the atrocities of their revolution would never have happened, and I believe it. Furious mobs are composed, not of enlightened but of unenlightened men—of men in whom the passions are dominant over the judgment, because the judgment has not been exercised, and informed, and habituated to direct the conduct. A factious dechimer can much less easily influence a number of men who acquired at school the rudiments of knowledge, and who have subsequently devoted their leisure to a Mechanics' Institute, than a multitude who cannot read or write, and who have never practised reasoning and considerate thought. And as the education of a people prevents political evil it effects political good. Despotism well know that knowledge is inimical to their power."—*Dymond*.

POLYGLOTT COLLECTION OF EUROPEAN POETRY.

Versuch einer Polyglotte der Europäischen Poesie. Von AD. ELLISSEN. Mit einer Völker-und Sprachenkarte Europas. I. Band: *Poesie der Kantabrer, Kelten, Kymren, und Griechen.* Leipzig.

Attempt at a Polyglott Collection of European Poetry. By AD. ELLISSEN. With a Chart of the nations and languages of Europe. Vol. 1: *Poetry of the Cantabri, Celts, Cymri, and Greeks.* Leipzig.

The undertaking of which this volume supplies the commencement deserves the warm gratitude of all those who are imbued with a genuine admiration for the poetical art in general, and who wish to become acquainted with the poetry of the individual nations of Europe, not in their separate notes and tones, but in a definite connected form and as a whole, in order to be able to study therein the history of the national development of those nations. For the aim of the work is, as the preface informs us, no other than to depict "the intellectual and chiefly the political course of development of the European nations in a series of characteristic specimens of their poetry from the earliest dawn of history to the present day, but with especial reference to modern times;" not so much however "as a means of instruction, as with a view to the mental entertainment of the reader." The poems are nevertheless given in the original languages, because the editor "had due consideration for those readers who understand them, and to whom the originals will naturally be a thousand times more welcome than any translations;" but yet he had the entertainment of his unlearned readers principally in view, and has endeavoured to anticipate their wishes not only in the introductions, which have somewhat of a learned character, but also and chiefly in the many notes and explanatory remarks, which are of great literary and historical interest. If from this point of view we form our judgment of the work, we cannot but acknowledge its merit; it would be unfair to raise the objection that it has a political tendency, and that in making his selections the editor was guided by his political predilections. No one will make the saying of Goethe, "a political song is a bad song," an objection to the author or his book; but no one will on that account fail to recognize the truth of that saying, least of all in these days when politics are forcing their way into all the

relations of life, intruding upon every new effort of the human mind, and not unfrequently stifling it in the bud.

As to the arrangement of the book it must be obvious that there cannot be any thing like uniformity; which could not have been attempted without serious detriment to the work. We must not therefore look upon it as a defect that in dividing this first volume into as many chapters as there are nations mentioned in the title, viz., Cantabri, Celts, Cymri and Greeks, the last chapter fills more than twice as many sheets, than the first occupies pages. The editor has taken great pains to collect whatever could possibly be found of the poetry of the Basques or Cantabri; and admitting that that of the Celts and Cymri is not sufficiently represented, he promises some additions at the close of the work, especially with reference to the Cymri. Of the remaining volumes the second will contain the poetry of the Romance nations, the third that of the Germanic, Slavonic, and the other less important races. With the second volume he intends to supply a chart of nations and languages, which has been for some years in preparation; and the third will be accompanied by complete chronological tables, in which the names of all poets, who may not be quoted in the work itself, will be enumerated. The author has commenced his undertaking with zeal and hearty good will, and he is fully justified in expressing the hope, that its contents may lead his readers to feel more sensitively the force and truth of the beautiful lines of Rückert which he has prefixed as a motto to his book.

Respecting the poetry of the Cantabri or Basques, with which, according to the example of Balbi, the order of European tribes commences, we possess but little information; and as a specimen of this poetry the editor has adduced only three pieces; namely, the fragment of a heroic song, dating apparently from the age of the emperor Augustus, relating to the war of the Cantabri with the Romans; secondly, the only yet extant stanza of a historical romance of the fourth century, and lastly the lament of a Basque at the death of King Don Luis, in the year 1724.

Of the poetry of the Celts, properly so called, or of the Gaels of Ireland and Scotland, the second chapter contains an old-Irish ballad, Finen's hunt; the bard O'Carolon's eulogy of a young maiden in the eighteenth century; further, two poems out of Macpherson's Ossian; and the lament for his country of the last Scottish

bard, Rob Donn, from the middle of the last century; the author however has only had access to the English translation of the last named poem, and he takes this opportunity of observing that in executing his translations his aim has been to convey the meaning and spirit of the originals in harmonious measures, and that he has not scrupled to depart for the sake of euphony, from a servile imitation of words and forms. Every one who knows what poetry is expected to be in the nineteenth century, and in Germany, will acknowledge that he is in the right.

The third chapter treats of the Cymri or Celts in Great-Britain and France, and furnishes from their poetry a funeral song on the death of the Prince Geraint of Devon, by the Cymbrian bard, Clywarch Hen, of the sixth century; a lament over the fall of Llywellin the last prince of Wales, in the year 1282, by the bard Gruffudd ab yr Ynad Coch, and two love songs by the "Welsh Ovid," Dafydd ab Gwlym, of the fourteenth century. As specimens of the poetry of the Cymri in France, (or Bretons) this chapter contains four poems out of Villemarqué's Collection "*Barzas-Breiz*," which are also designed to represent the four dialects of the Bas-Breton language, the most important epochs in the civilization of the Breton race, and the epic, romantic, and lyric elements of its poetry. These are the national song *Lez-Breiz*, which dates from a remote antiquity; the Romance of the Foster brother, which describes the return of the dead bridegroom, and is a variation of a legend which in different forms is found among very many nations; the Song of the exiled Priest, by the emigrant Abbé Nourri, of the period of the French revolution, and the Lament of the Breton peasants. This chapter contains likewise an excellent review of the bardic system among the Welch and Bretons.

In the fourth chapter commences the poetry of the nations of the Indo-Germanic race, and first that of the Greeks. In accordance with the principle which he had laid down, the author assigns but a subordinate part to the more ancient times, and includes therefore under one head the three ages of Grecian poetry which are usually kept distinct, namely, the Mythic, the Heroic, and the Attic; these he classes together as the Classic period, which is followed successively by the Alexandrine, the Roman, and the Byzantine. These periods, each of which is preceded by a general description, form the Hellenic or Old-Greek poetry, after which commences the age of the Modern-Greek. From the classic age, which lasts until B. C. 335, we find, partly in the author's own translations, and partly in translations by Voss, Hertzberg, Richter, Schiller, and

Droysen, the commencement of the Orphic Argonautics, the scene between Hector and Andromache from the sixth book of the *Iliad*, the fourth elegy of Tyrtæus, Anacreon's twentieth ode, a love-song of Ibycus, an epigram attributed to Arion, and the same poet's hymn to Neptune, Sappho's hymn to Venus, a scholium (drinking-song) of Tolon, and that of Callistratus on Harmodius and Aristogiton, the second Olympic ode of Pindar, and a fragment of his encomium on Athens, Æschylus' narrative of the battle of Salamis, from the *Persæ*, the chorus in praise of Attica, from the *Œdipus in Colonus* of Sophocles, and the chorus on the same subject from the *Medea* of Euripides, the last dialogue from the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, a scene from the *Knights* of Aristophanes, and the commencement of a chorus from the *Birds*, and lastly the poem of Aristotle, in praise of virtue.

As specimens of the Alexandrine period (until B. C. 146), we find, with the author's translations, the fifteenth idyl of Theocritus, the wanderings of the Minyans in the northern regions, from the *Argonauts* of Apollonius, and a few epigrams from the *Anthology*.

The Roman period (until 330 A. D.) is represented by a number of epigrams, the fable of the nightingale and swallow by Babrius, and the hymn of Clement of Alexandria in honor of the Redeemer.

And lastly from the Byzantine period (until 1453, A. D.) we have poems by the emperor Julian, Gregory Nazianzen, Cyrus of Panopolis, Agathias, Paul Silentiarius, the emperor Leo VI., Musæus, Quintus Smyrnæus, Theodosius Diaconus, Pelagius, Const. Manasses, Johannes Tzetzes, Theodorus Prodromus, Johannes of Gaza, Christophorus, and a few others.

We have now arrived at the age of modern-Greek poetry, which, as well as the modern-Greek or Romaic dialect had its origin as early as the twelfth century. The old-Greek continued, however, to be the prevailing language in literature and especially in poetry, until the taking of Constantinople in 1453, although during the last century of the Byzantine empire it only had an artificial existence as the official state-language, while in common intercourse it had long been replaced by the Romaic.

The author dwells at length upon this part of his subject; considering as well the affinity of the Romaic with the æolo-doric dialect of ancient Greece, (in doing which he adopts the views of the modern Greek Christopulus,) as also the pronunciation of the Greek language, and instituting many interesting comparisons between the poetry of ancient and modern Greece. The specimens which he gives of Romaic poetry are comparatively very numerous, and the more

recent especially serve to reflect the history, the sufferings, the despair, and the hopes of the people. In making his selections he has not restricted himself to highly-refined pieces, but has taken into account the popular poetry, and included a considerable number of national songs. We can assure our readers that they could not have a better and more agreeable guide through the wide, but not always well-

kept gardens of Romanic poetry, than the editor of this collection. And especially for a knowledge of the poetry of modern Greece, of its various schools and tendencies, it may be warmly recommended; although it cannot be expected that, rich as the selection is, it can make one thoroughly at home in this wide field of literature.—*Leipziger Repertorium der deutschen und ausländischen Literatur.*

FROM OXFORD TO ROME.

From Oxford to Rome: and how it fared with some who lately made the Journey.
By a Companion Traveller. London.
12mo. 1847.

The Voice which addresses us in this unquestionably striking work, is clear as though close at hand, yet mellow as if it sounded from a distance, and solemn as one issuing from among the tombs.

It declares itself to be the voice of one who has overleaped the fearful chasm that separates the actual living systems of the Churches of England and Rome, and who has made the late but not wholly ineffectual discovery of having been betrayed into a portentous error. Not ineffectual at least for others; for, as it seems, this one at least among the deluded of the last few years, pressed in conscience by the law of love, which makes Christians care for others as for themselves — has sent back among us, for our admonition and instruction, an echo of deep and manifold sorrows, the fruit of the ill-considered and ill-starred transition.

Let us, however, take the description of the writer from the introductory notice prefixed to the tale:—

"It is a history which will speak deep meanings only to those before whom the course it describes has arisen as a temptation and a snare—to them it is addressed. It should be remarked, that it was put together and prepared for the press in the midst of strong excitement, and the opposite disadvantages of feeble health, by such a one as its title-page indicates. Subsequent revisions have, it is hoped, corrected some harshness and some incertitude of language; but should it happen that any such remains—should it seem that the writer has been so unhappy as to add to, instead of in measure expiating, the sin of rashness and impatience, and, it may be, insufficient consideration in past dealings with the holiest things—let it incite the reader not to anger or to scorn, but to the prayer of charity, for the weakness of one who has made, and who has witnessed the course, of which no mere conjecturer can know the trial—the course which he who has

gone can never more 'think as he had thought, or be what he hath been again.'"

We subjoin another of the least indistinct among the shadowy and enigmatic passages, in which the personality of the writer falls within the reader's perspective. It relates to the Church of England with her services, and is deserving of regard on its own account:—

"Now that we see her far off, and remember all the way she led us, now that we have lost our paternity in her for ever, we sit down in the stranger's land and weep for the thought of the sweet help she gave us to wean our affections from earthly things, and gather all their strength round the glorious eternal; in the many days of remembrance of the events of our blessed Saviour's human history, reminding her children ever of His wonderful grace and merciful kindness; and in the times set for meditation on the characters of the holy Apostles, when she leads them gently to long for, and guides them in efforts to attain to, those high standards of moral virtue, and self-denying charity, and eminent spirituality; and her blessed Sabbath services, when we have so often exclaimed with joyous fervor, '*A day in the courts of the Lord is better than a thousand in the palace among princes!*'" when the voice of the people was as the sound of many waters urging forward to the footstool of the Holy One, and they made meek reverence in receiving from His appointed minister the pardon and the blessing supplicated; those days, so hallowed and so hallowing, that after each recurrence of their hours we would involuntarily shrink from the returning secularities of weeks; and the continual sacrifice in every city of her dwelling where, in one holy house at least, prayer is made for the forgiveness of sin at morning and at evening every day, where praise is offered with the voice of melody, and they "*sing to the Lord with a merry noise*;" and the vestments of her priests, holy garments for glory and for beauty, white robes, signifying that they who minister before the Lord must be pure as He is pure; and the wearers of those vestments, in their moral splendor, so often living witnesses in their places of that glorious Shechinah which is the everlasting light of the Heavenly Altar. We remember all

these things, and we are sad, for we have lost our part in them." — Pp. 226-7.

Upon one, or rather upon two narratives, which taken as they stand, are probably fictitious, is suspended that record of seemingly genuine observation and experience which we are desirous to commend to the notice of our readers. The first relates to a young clergyman who joins the Church of Rome and dies—though with fondly reverted eye, within her pale; the other to his sister, who makes her profession of the Romish faith under strong domestic pressure, and who also dies, but not until having been again received into our communion in Scotland.

Eustace A——, a young man endowed with every worldly gift, and with deep piety, becomes, at Oxford, the disciple of a personage plainly intended for Mr. Newman. Adopting his general views of religion, such as they were supposed many years ago to be, and without any doubt of the Catholicity of the English Church, or of the obligation to abide with her, Eustace receives Holy Orders.

Eustace enters with ardent devotion upon his labors as a curate in a populous parish, and his activity outwards is not less complete than his ascetic self-discipline and self-denial. In the account of his parochial plans and proceedings there is much useful matter; but by degrees, and in part from his communications with an unmarried sister who keeps house for him, he grows unsettled. Mr. Ward's volume, 'The Ideal of a Christian Church,' which is now the mere lumber of our book-stalls, but which once acted with considerable power on inflamed and morbid minds, figures as a main instrument in their perversion. Extreme mortification also does its part; and on this subject let us listen awhile to our author:—

"Here, we will venture one word of experience:—Fasting, and extreme fasting, is, without doubt, a great help to the clearness of our perception of purely spiritual things; it refines devotion and absorbs the soul in its high destinies; but it is not always so desirable where the intellect is required to work, and the judgment to act vigorously. Then, especially when connected, as it commonly is, with some other severe mortification, the physical nature often becomes so weakened, that it is no longer a fit machine for the use of the active spirit; the organs that aid thought being deranged, there is a want of power and completeness in the steps of the mind, and often so direct a contrariety between the will and the judgment and the intelligent feeling, as warns us not to act precipitately under the influence of the effects of a discipline which we had even adopted as the very means of gaining clearer light and direction in our course." — Pp. 109, 110.

With excited cravings, and with a judgment thus deprived of what we must call its ballast, he travels with a friend, and naturally betakes himself to Italy, "the garden of Europe, the inheritance and homestead of the Church." The steps of the unhappy process are described, partly through the medium of supposed letters to friends, in some passages of great interest.

Eustace and his fellow-traveller, after having decided to join the Church of Rome, come home suddenly to vote against the condemnation of Mr. Ward at Oxford—an incident in the tale which we hope has no counterpart in the actual history of that proceeding.

Having once "done homage to the mighty Church," by general submission to her claims, Eustace returns with entire affection and unquestioning reliance to Italy, intending to devote himself to a retired and contemplative life. He has created for himself a glorious Ideal Church, "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." He has come to live inwardly so high a life in the Communion of Saints as almost to realize by anticipation the conditions of the Church triumphant. He has no thought but to secure, as his portion here, "That clear shining of the light of the renewed man, so confidently supposed to be the ever-burning lamp illuminating a monastic house."

Leaving him in his noviciate, we turn to his married sister. She is represented as the wife of a devout and learned clergyman, who is not only caught by the strange contagion lately prevalent among us, so as to abandon the Church, but also resolves to separate himself from his family. We are persuaded that the writer is here leading us into the regions of pure fiction, yet let us hear him for the sake of great and touching ideas clothed in worthy language:—

"Since the day when Gregory the Seventh convened a council at the Lateran, and created a law separating every married clergyman from the beguiling beautiful things of a domestic home, and leaving the Roman Priesthood from that time an immortal monument and wonder in the world—in it but not of it—raised in some marvellous manner above the fellowships of men—a great spiritual Intention sealed from all earthlier brotherhoods—since that time when wailing and woe were on a thousand hearths for the world that had made them desolate of the husband and the father—since that time have not been known such things as England has witnessed in these last months. But the longest, the dreariest, and the evildest of days is over at last, and the hour wherein is gathered and distilled and concentrated the anguish of lives, is but an hour, and ends. . . .

"That such sacrifices are not a holy holocaust, who shall say? Who shall look on with a cold eye, and aver, it is nought, it is nought? But

who either shall judge whether the oblation of a pure heart in the incense of love, may not be a worthier and higher offering, when made amidst the difficulties and strife of the world, and continued every day in its devotion, like the sin-offering of the Hebrews, than when only the one struggle is suffered to sever it from all, and give it once?

"But these scenes have been enacted by such persons, and in such kinds and manners, as bar all comment. Only a little later than this began that too-well known course of individual and collective sacrifice and suffering on the part of the members of that conspicuous band of brothers and friends, who had separated themselves already from so much to give their labor to their then-loved Church, and obtain the inestimable blessing of the guidance of such a head as he who walked among them in his light. A little later, and by ones and twos, they were missed from their places in their erst-chosen home. They went to give themselves to voluntary vows of expatriation and poverty — poverty, oh! how deep, how manifold! One after another they departed, some one whither, and some another whither. They believed they went as Abraham, when he was called to go out from his people by the voice of the Lord." — Pp. 135-138.

The narration next follows Eustace in the progress of his mind from delight to tremulous misgiving, and from misgiving to remorse. He finds that it was his own overwrought palate which loathed the fare provided for him by his mother church; that what he attributed to her homeliness and her shortcomings of the Ideal was, in fact, to be set down to her truthfulness, her scorn of meretricious effort to disguise the essential conditions of human life, her frank recognition of our exile from our true and final home, and her steady avoidance — at whatever risk of disgusting the impatient among her children — of every profession and pretension except such as she may reasonably expect to fulfil. The light on which he had concentrated all his hope proves to be darkness, and "how great is that darkness!"

The exhaustion, however, of bodily strength through mortification, combined with the pressure of a broken heart, supplies him with the hope of a speedy release through death, and throws inwards the exercise of all his spiritual energies. The thread of the narrative is here taken up by a stranger, and relative and fellow-convert, who is supposed to visit him in an Italian convent, and who finds him, with four more novices, all once English clergymen, all seduced, and all heart-stricken: —

"It is a large and crowded establishment; long popular for the reputed learning of its superiors, and of late increasing in fame as it enhanced the severity of its rule. We made our way to the chapel, and stood beside the door

of the north transept leading into the choir, to observe the brethren as they entered. They were old, grey-headed men, who had been monks from their boyhood, looking like Moses undimmed of eye and undiminished of force, putting a visible doubt upon the popular idea that the storms of the spirit wear worse than the storms of the world. Shut up there, each man with himself, so many years, one must suppose they had been the strivers in many a sharp conflict with the dark Powers of the Air, who love to attack the solitary: yet, here they were, hale and full of bodily life, as one meets no two men consecutively in the streets of London, or Paris, or Vienna. There were men whose profession had been made in later life; they had retreated from care and business and dissipation to make short and sure work of getting ready for the Life Eternal: these were few; Mammon does not often so part with its slaves: they might be known, for the broad seal of the world once set on a man's forehead, it is not easy to efface its impression. There were young monks, men of this day, and of many countries, in some of whose countenances the thoughts of Time and the lusts thereof blended strangely with the meditations and the raptures and the reveries of the Enthusiast, the Student, or the Devotee. They had resorted hither in patronage of the reviving *fashion* of monachism, and it might be, that 'being seen of men,' they 'had their reward.' There were the converts, chiefly still in their noviciate, and all from England. They were marked from the rest by their fairer skins and sadder faces, even as the faces of exiles, like the young Angles in a past time in the Roman market, brought up to grace the triumph of an incursive army: oh, that now again, some Gregory might be passing by to pity their captivity, and send them a true apostle! There were five of these; we had been familiar with their names and faces all a few months before, as the honored pastors, some rectors, and some curates, of English parishes: some we had known well, and deeply venerated their energy, earnestness, charity, and wisdom. We had seen them ministering in the Church of our country with the zeal and devotedness of men who esteemed their high vocation above all price of sacrifice; by their poor, beloved as fathers; by the youthful of their flocks, venerated as almost saints; by some elder, to whom their habits were novel and strange, regarded as a Phenomenon indicative of the Last Times. But those eyes used to beam on all around with a light like the sun, — those steps were firm as the step of kings, — those hands were untrembling, and the minds they served were ready for every steadfast act. Now we were startled as we recognized one after another the well-known forms, bent, with the brow lowered towards the earth, and with that uncertainty of tread which is always too true an index to the weakened mind. As those five, once English clergymen, passed us to the vespers in the chapel of St. —, we involuntarily exclaimed, 'How is the gold become dim; how is the most fine gold changed!'" — Pp. 155, 156.

The day appointed for their profession is at hand: but it is postponed on account of the increasing illness of Eustace. In the intercourse between him and the traveller the state of his mind is fully revealed:—

"At these various times he heard how gradually but completely had faded away from the sanguine mind that glorious Ideal of a perfectible earthly Church which it had been so sure must be realized, not dissipated, by the approach to Rome. With expressions of the deepest distress Eustace reproached himself for want of steadfastness and humility to yield without question to the course to which he had committed himself. 'But, ah!' he said, 'it is a terrible thing to awake and find that we have made vows in a dream which all but sunder us from our salvation, and certainly tie up our hands from the labor which is Life. Still, we cannot turn back to retract without double peril, for the vows were made to God, and cling to us more bindingly than even the oath of Jephtha clung to him. Sometimes,' he said, 'the thought of Jephtha has been very consoling to me. He made a most rash vow, but in faith he fulfilled it; and we see, by his mention among the worthies that St. Paul commends, that it was counted to him for Righteousness. May our self-sacrifice in obedience even to rash vows be received as a true offering on the altar of our God.' Confidence and certainty had departed, vision by vision had vanished, hope after hope had failed, and to this sad issue had the earnest truth-seeker come at last.

"He inquired concerning those of his more immediate friends whom he had left still adhering to the English Church. Over those who had subsequently deserted it he lamented, often with self-accusation, that to some he had been the cause and cherisher of change; and to those who still remained, but were doubting of their course, he sent most earnest messages to try their ground, to prove every step by the standard of Conscience and Revelation; and, last of all, to be warned by his bitter Disappointment—that the image showing so fairly in their minds, of a Church whose stones were silver, and out of whose hills they might dig fine gold—a Church abounding with oil-olive and honey, might possibly be a Mirage, which a nearer inspection would show to be only the result of an unclear atmosphere playing over a lake of water less pure, or a land whose soil was less wholesome than that they possessed already.'—Pp. 169, 170.

We refrain from quoting the description of the closing scene. The remainder of the volume is occupied partly by the story of his married sister, at once wife and widow, partly by reflections upon the relations of the English and Roman Churches, and on the recent defections from the former to the latter. Those who have perused our extracts from the volume will judge for themselves whether they shall turn to it for

the rest of the narrative. It must, we apprehend, be regarded as little more than a parable under which the writer has chosen to convey his views: we now come to the consideration of those views, to the ethical character of the work, and to its probable utility with reference to the dangers and temptations of the present day.

We attach no exaggerated importance to its publication. Nor shall we dwell particularly upon either its literary merits or defects. As to the one, it is not the work either of an eminently logical mind, or of a hand practised in authorship: as to the other, it abounds with passages of rich native eloquence and of deep feeling: though dealing, and in a certain sense polemically, with topics that pierce to the very quick, it does not contain an unkind word, nor a statement affording the slightest color for a charge of unjust intention. In passing we must remark that our author has, by rather a guarded arrangement of diction in the preliminary advertisement, avoided using the term "he," and its correlatives, while effecting an introduction to the reader. Not from this only, but from the internal evidence of the book in general, we should be disposed to employ another gender; but the anonymous writer as such is masculine, and for that reason only we shall, when dealing with the person to whom we owe this work, make use, though with a more than doubtful conscience, of the signs which designate the ruder portion of our race. *He*, then, has been a student of Carlyle, and his American pendant Emerson. He has drunk at the fountains, not only of Roman discipline and devotions, but also of Puritanical teaching both in prose and verse, and retains its best portions: he has digested and assimilated those among its half-truths, which have been most valuable as the correctives of opposite half-truths developed into mischievous corruptions. His mind might seem to have passed somewhat rapidly, through several schools, if not in the most inward sense of religious, yet of ecclesiastical belief. Sometimes, if too severely pursued into consequences, he might seem to abandon all that is objective in religion except its very highest doctrines, and to treat every thing beside as left to human option: sometimes to lean to a very large and free doctrine of progress. When we hear him teach us how the Roman religion was the Christianity congenial to and ordained for the middle ages, although now it has fallen out of harmony with the movement of the world—and when he proclaims the reformed Church of England as a *development* intended to supply the note of concord which Rome can no longer sound—we cannot deny a certain resemblance between these ideas and those of no less alarming a per-

sonage than Strauss, who tells us that many phases of religion have risen and set in their succession, and promises us many more; *urchristenthum* (i. e. the old original Christianity) having strutted its hour, gave place to patristic Christianity, this to the Romish or mediæval system, this to original or orthodox protestantism, original protestantism in its turn to supernaturalism, supernaturalism to rationalism, and rationalism to the purely critical system of which he (Dr. Strauss) is the expositor.* But this resemblance is the merely partial likeness which may always be traced between the practically true and the practically false among current historical speculations. We advert to such features of the work before us, because they may be made the occasion of hostile and suspicious comment; they may afford a plea and a handle to those who may have urgent cause to depreciate whatever it can fairly claim of real merit and importance, and they demand from us the frank admission that it is not to be recommended as a precise theological standard, or as an absolute and consistent intellectual whole. Yet, as we believe, those who have proceeded thus far with us will agree with us, first, that it has just claims to notice for its qualities as a work of art; secondly, that if, and so far as, it really is the testimony of one who has travelled the region it describes, then, in spite either of invidious or of just deductions, it is of real weight as a work of experience—as the narrative of an expedition of discovery into a very far country, of the venture of one who has been to the garden of the Hesperides for the golden apples, and has eaten, and found them bitter to taste and noxious to health and vigor. Only those who open the book must not do it with the expectation of finding it a well-knit argument. There is little of strict argument in it, and what there is, by no means appears to be the most forcible portion of the work.

But further, if we are to judge of the author's position by those glimpses of occasional light which are allowed here and there to fall upon it, it is an inconsistent, and it might even become an immoral, position. He regards, and justly, his own transition to the Church of Rome as an unwarranted and a sinful act; but appears to intimate, that the less favorable religious condition which, through that act, he occupies, is to be accepted and adhered to as a just chastisement in the way of consequence for a heavy misdeed. But this, in the first place, is a solecism. Such of our misdeeds as are capable of being undone, it is our duty to undo, and that with promptitude. Then he pleads the vow to embrace the doctrines and follow the commands of the Church

of Rome. But first of all, it is plain that this vow is already broken to atoms, when the mind of the person who made it comes to believe that the teaching of that Church directs the mind to many mediators instead of one, and enforces respecting the Holy Eucharist propositions contradictory to the evidence of the senses; and that other and separate Churches are true, living, and sound; and can say, "What a great Church, and glorious and beautiful is that Anglican Church!" Next, it is plain that the vow is conditional upon continued conviction, and while a Director would tell him that he has sinned in changing his convictions, it must be plain to every one that, as soon as they are fully and clearly entitled to be so called, he sins in not acting upon them by flying from a position which he believes to be full of imminent peril to souls. And here comes into view the new danger in which he is placed: this hesitation to accept the legitimate consequences of convictions is not a sin at the first moment, but an intellectual and even a moral virtue: it is a duty to wait for reconsideration, and also to test new impressions by the manner of their contact with that great and incessant instructor, our daily life; but this should be done before such a work as "From Oxford to Rome" is given to the world for the guidance of others,—in order that, in the touching language of this author, "one page of a little book may be to them instead of painful years." When those precautions have been for some time in use, then what before was circumspection has passed into inconsistency; and inconsistency, upon matter of the deepest moral interest, must gradually pass into immorality. Something indeed may be referable to a want of strictness in the sentiments of this writer with regard to Church communion; but the obligation upon members of the Roman Church to perform certain practical duties will force forward the practical question, and will even extort an answer.

There is indeed one supposition upon which we should regard this work as a mischievous one, and the design of it as itself immoral;—that is, the supposition that it does not, even under the veil of fictitious characters, record real experiences. If it were the clever attempt of an ingenious and imaginative member of the English Church to act the part of a repentant proselyte, and to do good by causing a warning voice to seem to issue from the adverse position, we should most strongly disapprove this kind of theological ventriloquism, as a moral fraud. Much more, if without a practical end the desire were simply to handle such sacred and solemn matter as a mere effort of art, and to produce that perfect illusion which the scene-painter and the maker of wax-work figures may legitimately

* "Streitschriften zur vertheidigung," &c., p. 22.

study. Eloquence, and feeling, and even charity itself, in which the work abounds, do but aggravate the crime, if they are employed only as the servants of a master falsehood. The main force of the book depends upon its persuasiveness, derived from the character and history of the writer as transparent through its pages. But purposely to convey untrue impressions of them in such a case would be not fiction, but falsity. A counsel is justly liable to the charge of fraudulent dealing when he attempts to import into his pleading his own individual convictions apart from his professional character, because no one is entitled so to mix up the two capacities of advocate and witness : and the writer of this work would, under the hypothesis we have stated, be much in the same predicament. But great as are the powers of sheer imitation in this age, and deep as is sometimes the shadow of anonymous authorship, we do not believe that the language we have quoted in an earlier part of this article is the language of an *electro-proselyte*, feigning alike the secession and the remorse, with pious fraud, for the purpose of gaining a hold on persons difficult of more direct and honest access. From considerations appreciable by the understanding, and still more from such as appeal to the feelings, less from its eloquence than from its pathos, and less from its pathos than from its entire want of signs of wrath or malice, or offended pride, or galled vanity, we are convinced that we are dealing with a real person who, under the double veil of secrecy and fiction, has presented us with the mournful records of a perilous experience. But let each reader of the work judge for himself,

dignoscere cantus
Quid solidum crepet, et pictæ tectoria linguæ.
(PERS. v., 24.)

Let them, however, judge liberally, and not by inaccuracies of trifling moment, which may fairly be explained as such. Particularly not by our author's topography of actual Rome, which, we fear, is far from being experimental, as he seems to make one of his travellers take Saint Peter's and Santa Maria Maggiore in the way from the Piazza Nuova to S. Giovanni in Latrano.

Being ourselves satisfied upon the point we have been discussing,* we must next consider in

* It appears from the preface to the second edition, which reaches us while this sheet is in the press, that some friend of the author had made to him the following suggestion, viz.—“It seems needful that it be sorrowfully avowed the actual work of an actual convert.” These words ensue : —“The object of the writer—the first and the final—however otherwise the aspect of the story underwent change—right or wrong, in wisdom or in sin—God knows, was the utterance of a warning voice, that should be heard and felt, from

what way this writer has exhibited the motives or considerations which have brought him to the views he sets forth. He is evidently familiar with doctrines chiefly on the side of their practical application, and he carefully avoids framing a theological indictment against any Church or body. Still, the reasons and still more the influences which have acted on him are clearly enough, though informally, presented to us.

We gather then from the book that he joined the Church of Rome from a feeling excusable in a young lay person, but which astonished and even shocked the world, when it was announced about two years ago by a presbyter of some age and experience, as the motive of his defection ; namely, that he found the Church of Rome, in the lump as it were, correspond to those cravings and anticipations of his galled and fevered mind which he colored with the dignity and sealed with the titles of that bright ideal “the Catholic Church.”* And many are they, as we believe, who have, out of this homely England and her homely Church, looked upon the Roman Church as men look upon a warm-toned picture of Claude with its hazy golden distance. For ourselves, we freely own never to have contemplated one of those pictures without a sense of uneasy longing after something undefined ; a longing of that kind which is condemned in the judgment of the practical moralist, from the fact that, so far as it is indulged, it indisposes and unmans for the real work of God appointed to every one of us, the performance of quiet and daily duty. So far as it admits of description, it is a desire to be in a region of enchantment, instead of circulating constantly as we in London do between walls of brick and mortar : a desire to take heaven by violence and before its time. Bubbling upwards from within us till it fills the mind, upon some shock or disturbance from without it readily overflows. Thus these persons join the Church of Rome to satisfy an ungovernable sense of want, which sense, within bounds, is a law of our state and an ordained element of our trial, and which, when it passes beyond them, ought to be taken as a note of fever, and to be cured as other fevers are cured.

This want, according to our author, is not satisfied in the Roman Church ; and the pretence or promise to satisfy it, when it breaks down, aggravates tenfold the disappointment of the sanguine proselyte, whom nothing but the lofty ardor of his expectations could have carried

the furnace whose teaching is with tongues of fire, and whose discipline is administered to the refugeless soul.”

* See Mr. Oakeley's pamphlet, entitled “A Letter on Submitting to The Catholic Church.” London. 1845.

through the terrible crisis of his change. Here we must diverge to say, that one very pleasing feature of this volume is the care of the author, a care unmingled, so far as we discern, with self-regard, to make us understand the sufferings and appreciate the sacrifices of the recent exiles from their fathers' faith. There is danger that we, who ascribe their defection to some form or other of light-mindedness and spiritual intemperance, should fail to estimate aright the moral grandeur of their fortitude and their readiness to abandon all for conscience' sake. Let their circumstances be remembered. They were for the chief part, as we believe, though not universally, among those who in a time of unexampled religious excitement had most largely imbibed the general heat; and who, concentrating the energies of youth and of devotion in the comparative seclusion of the Universities, had poured forth the first ardor of their love upon the English Church—such as they had idealized it to their own imaginations. In those retreats, so happy to the pious and the earnest mind, their souls were filled, as it were, with perpetual music and with an amber light. But the first attempt to fit that ideal, when very highly wrought, to the actual, must ever cause a terrible revulsion, which can only be borne by the circumspect and well-established, or else by the well-befriended and well-advised. From their years they could scarcely be in the former class: they could not be in the latter, when the man they followed and almost adored had himself had the ground-work of his convictions swept away, and stood in the position of an involuntary traitor. Hence some of the most dangerous of all forms of evil grew rife: mistrust, suspicion, coldness, anger, hard thoughts, general quarrels inflamed by individual attachments and the sedulity of hostile emissaries—all these acting and reacting on one another, and coming athwart the devout but heated mind at or near the moment when it had to quit the paradise of youth for the wear and tear and the stir and fret of the life of manhood in an iron age, banished that sobriety of temperament which alone, we will venture to say, can and does guard from great and constant excesses a nature so strong and massy, so profound in affections, and so little capable of deliberate halting between conviction and practice, as is the English nature.

But a change of religious communion is a trivial, or a middling, or a gigantic fact in personal history, first, according to the degree of outward pressure by which it is impelled or opposed; secondly, according to the view in which a religious communion is accepted or repudiated—that is to say, as an ordinance of private choice or religious expediency on the one hand, or, on

the other, as an ordinance of direct determinate command of God, and of the highest spiritual obligation; thirdly, according to the degree in which the devout affections have been developed before the change. Where the transition is made in a period or amidst a society toned down to religious indifference; or where no divine claim is recognized in any visible organization of the Church; or when the person who passes over is himself cold or crude in spiritual things: in any of these cases the matter is of small importance, and men may change their communion as they would their coats. But here the period was glowing with fresh and as it were virgin heat; men full of earnestness, who had themselves passed through the fiery trial, beckoned onwards the intending proselyte, while others, not less venerable to them through learning and devotion, through toil and suffering, held him back;—visible allegiance to the visible Church was profoundly acknowledged as among the matters of life and death of our faith—the terrors of schism, if not of heresy, lying before and behind;—the religious affections had already been raised perhaps to their highest degree of sensibility, aided by a stern asceticism and by great purity of life; the call was not from a superficial religion of words and phrases to one of reality and depth—but plants which had struck a thousand roots into the very heart of the soil, and had fed largely and felt intensely through every one of them, were to be rooted up and borne away, bleeding at every pore, to try to live in another atmosphere and another earth. An enumeration like this seems to leave no room for reference to those ordinary, natural, and weighty, though inferior repulsions and inducements, which are connected with the authority of friends and the loss of prospects in the world; and shows that to all those of our self-outcast brethren whose characters we have truly described, the change must have been one of an agony, rocking nature from her seat, and seeming to divide asunder soul and spirit.

The author, regarding the existence of a void, and eagerness to fill it, as the principal inducements which have been leading persons to the Church of Rome, also treats the disappointment of that desire as that which, in dissipating her attractions, supersedes the further and formal discussion of her claims. Since then, according to his view, it has not been in general by an adverse decision, after inquiry, upon historical, ecclesiastical, and dogmatic points, but by instinctive or imaginative affinities and repulsions, that the seduction has been effected, we must not complain of him if he does not establish systematically and in detail the argumentative case against the Church of Rome. Considering the

nature of the book, we are better pleased that this is so; and we regard it as an evidence of moral genuineness. But some of the strongest practical objections to the actual system of the Church of Rome are brought out in a way that furnishes, if not the ready-made weapons of controversy, yet the motives of reasonable conduct. He is grieved by a pliable morality and by the grudging and restricted use of Holy Scripture. He feels that in passing from the Church of England to that of Rome he has passed from daylight to candlelight, from flowers to perfumes, from nature to art, from a trust in truth and freedom to a trust in a showy and disguising garb for the one, and in gilded manacles for the other. The question whether any given amount of ceremonial is suitable or excessive, must be answered variously in different countries, according to national temperament; it is not uniformly ruled even in the several countries of the Roman Communion—not even within Italy itself; but his experience has told him that the multitude of forms in its worship tends upon the whole both to overlay and oppress the activity of the spirit which they are meant to help, and from their very number to pass into frivolity and even profanation. He touches also on a more deeply painful subject, the often repeated charge against the Church of Rome, which strikes at her very heart, that she does not hold up in its distinct incommunicable grandeur the One expiation, the One righteousness, upon which as Christians we should build our hopes, but with her subordinate expiations and her many mediators baffles the eye that would look only to the summit and the centre, and perilously arrests it at some lower point:—

“An awful strangeness has sprung up between him and his God; the names of many intercessors are to be invoked as the mediators of his appeal to Him; and his former peace in the deep-trusting filial feeling towards that great Abba, Dear Father, who hears and pities all the sad, is gone from his place of prayer, while his thoughts wander to the ends of the earth, seeking rest and finding none. And the old Want, a thousandfold fiercer, devours his life.”—P. 195; see pp. 181, 222, 269.

We shall not dwell upon the various forms into which this capital accusation may be thrown, nor upon the defences which are set up by the Roman divines. But we shall venture so far as to say that the charge is one which will, and which must, and which ought to ring in the ears of their Church, until she shall, if indeed that happy day shall ever come, have submitted her living and working system to a thorough reform in this vital particular.

Whether we look to her practically most oper-

ative authorities, such as the varied utterances proceeding from the Papal chair, and the writings of canonized persons, or turn to common books of popular devotion and to sermons and usages of worship, the evidences are copious, even to redundancy, of the fearful perils with which, under the forms of Virgin and Saint-worship, subaltern expiations, and the purgatorial system, the Roman Church herself waylays the souls of her members. Perhaps the most recent, and one of the most frightful proofs of the reality of these dangers, and of their effects, is to be found in the last chapter of the work “On the Development of Christian Doctrine,” by which Mr. Newman but too appropriately signalized his abandonment of the principles of our own Church.

Time, and time only, will inform us, whether our author is correct in the belief that the cravings which have seduced men into the Church of Rome, remain in very many instances unappeased there. Nor is the question one that can lead to any decisive result, though it is of great and varied interest. If they are satisfied, it may be owing to something defective in the balance and order of the mind; if, on the other hand, they still pant and yearn for something unattained, as they did before quitting the Church of their Baptism, it may be from their own fault or error now as well as then, and does not of necessity impeach the system to which they have attached themselves. Again, we must not suppose that, until after the lapse of much time, we shall hear otherwise than secretly and separately of their sufferings and remorse. The Roman Church no longer subjects recreant nuns to the fate of Constance in “Marmion;” but by means of Direction, she has almost as effectual powers of bearing down disappointment and repugnance; first, by detecting it in its beginnings; next, by her command of a great variety of modes and appliances of treatment; lastly, by maintaining and securing secrecy so as to prevent contagion and combination. Yet we believe, and the opinion is not wholly speculative, that many a heart will inwardly echo back the words of the volume before us—“the old Want, a thousand-fold fiercer, devours his life.”—*Quarterly Review*.

ADDISON.—Addison remarked, that the dog has been the companion of man 600 years, and has learned of him only one of his vices—that is to worry his species when he finds him in distress. Tie a sauce pan to one dog's tail, and another dog will fall on him—put a man in prison for debt, and another will lodge a detainer against him.

THE SCIENTIFIC FESTIVAL AT OXFORD.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science held its meeting this year, in unusually favorable and agreeable circumstances, at Oxford. There was an attendance of about twelve hundred, which is much above the average; and amongst the number were a greater proportion of distinguished foreigners than had been present on any former occasion. The delicious summer weather, and the beauty of the place, combined, with the usual holiday features of the scene, to render it an affair such as few have many opportunities of enjoying in the course of a lifetime.

We arrived late on Wednesday evening (June 23d), by which time the first general meeting had taken place, and the year's president, Sir Robert Inglis, had been inducted to the chair, and had delivered the proper address on the progress of science during the past year. Early on Thursday — the first day of the meetings of sections — we made our way to the Reception Room at the Town Hall, to ascertain the procedure of the day, and learn any other particulars that might be requisite. Already there were many strangers abroad on the same errand — single figures and little groups moving hurriedly along the pavement. Every now and then one stopped to greet another in that pleasantly-excited state which attends festival occasions. Many of the acquaintanceships thus acknowledged are, we may remark, sustained solely by the Association meetings. The men meet on these occasions — retire again for a year to their respective homes — and a twelvemonth after, meet again, and are happy so to meet. Not a few thus come to like each other, and have a sympathy in each other's pursuits, who, were they never to have a personal rencontre, would probably remain as antagonistic principles, widely apart, all their days.

It soon appeared that the sections were to be handsomely and amply accommodated in the public halls and schools of the university, while a large proportion of the members were received into the colleges as honorary lodgers. So far well; but it was less pleasant to find that, for the less favored, both lodging and food were only attainable at about twice the usual prices. This is perhaps an evil not altogether superable; and yet it is one worthy of some struggle, as it must bear hard on the means of many worthy votaries of science, and deter them from reappearing at the meetings. It is not for nothing that there is a somewhat unusual amount of hat-touching to be observed in Oxford.

The Section (A) for Physical and Mathematical Science was placed, with one or two others of less note, in what are called the Taylor Buildings — a superb structure, singular in Oxford, from its being quite new, and where there is a fine collection of works of art, particularly the Lawrence collection of the original drawings and sketches of Michael Angelo and Raphael. — Here sat the rigorous men of the exact sciences — Brewster, Lubbock, Baden Powell, Lord Rosse, the Dean of Ely, &c. — deeply cogitating on astronomical observations, the measurements of arcs of the meridian, the application of the calculus of quaternions to the theory of the moon, and other such pleasantries. In point of *personnel* there was no section more interesting than this; for here, besides a group of the most eminent philosophers of our own country, were assembled some of the most distinguished foreign savans. We had there, for instance, Professor Struve, the Russian astronomer, one of those who were first to ascertain a parallax for any of the fixed stars. We also had M. Leverrier, the discoverer of the new planet Neptune — an amiable-looking fair-complexioned man of perhaps three-and-thirty, who usually expressed himself in French, but always with remarkable elegance, as well as modesty. The kindly way in which Leverrier associated with Mr. Adams, whom only unfortunate circumstances forbade to have the entire honor of this discovery, elicited general admiration.

The Geological Section met in the Convocation House, one of a congeries of ancient and beautiful rooms in the central part of the city. This is always a peculiar section — peculiar on account of the chief figures being a set well known to each other, men who have rubbed long together in one favorite pursuit, and thus become unusually intimate and familiar. Go when you please into the geological section, and you are fully as likely to find them all laughing at some joke of Dr. Buckland's, or some quaint display of Professor Sedgwick, as listening patiently to any instructive demonstration. It is eminently the funny section. One exceedingly curious trait of it is, that its president is continually struggling to keep discussion within bounds; and yet, when he rises to give his own opinion, he is sure to kill as much time as all the rest put together. He is always holding his watch up to other people, and he would himself need the great Tom to be his monitor. It is a section which is always panting to overtake its business, and never comes up to it. Should the fun be

omitted? That would save time; but then what would the section be without its quips and its quiddities? No, it must laugh on to the end, even though there should be the less work done.

The other sections are of various character, but none prominent. There is a Chemical one, graced by Farady, Grove, Playfair, and others, and zealously attended by its own peculiar set, but little regarded by the general mass. There is also a Natural History Section, which keeps going at a quiet, steady pace, never very brilliant, and never very dull; something, perhaps, between the two. A conspicuous figure here was the Prince of Canino, eldest son of Napoleon's cleverest brother; a short, dense man of dark complexion and large square head, about forty-eight years of age; always entrenched behind a book-heaped table, whence he launched pertinacious queries and cross examinations regarding the spots on the dorsal fins of fishes, and the number of feathers in the wings of birds. How strange to think that such is now the pleasingly-absorbing employment of one who at one time had no small chance of becoming the greatest sovereign in Europe! Another was Dr. Milne Edwards of Paris, a keen-eyed little man, of immense knowledge, and great skill in demonstration. A third was the Prussian Ehrenberg, the discoverer of fossil animalcules in rocks — a plain-looking, little, short-necked man, with a fine towering head. Here, too, occasionally appeared Professor Nilsson of Lund in Sweden, an eminent naturalist, of grauwacke aspect, bringing skulls of the pristine inhabitants of Scandinavia, and full of curious facts illustrating the see-saw which that venerable peninsula has for some time been performing, the north against the south. Besides these were our own Owen, the prince of modern physiologists, and who has contrived to become so without incurring the least envy in any quarter; Professor Edward Forbes, so remarkable for his researches among the lower marine animals; Henslow, Strickland, Carpenter, Waterhouse, and many other men only rising into the like distinction. There was here one day a thorough turn-up of the subject of the Dodo — one strikingly well suited for scientific disquisition, in as far as extremely little is known about it; hence of course the greater room for conjecture. Oxford chanced to possess a head and foot of this extinct bird — all that remains of it. It was therefore a proper field for the discussion. We heard these relics lectured on for one whole evening, and debated for the better part of a forenoon; and after all, it would have been impossible for any one to say whether the creature had been of the hawk or the pigeon tribe.

The Statistical Section met in one of the

schools, and seldom had an audience of less than six to deliberate on its knotty questions. One paper of a valuable character was read here by Mr. Porter of the Treasury, showing how rare is a good education among criminals, and how exceedingly few educated women ever become amenable to the laws. Another showed curious relations of proportion between the savings' banks and schools, and the moral conditions of the people of various districts. It seemed to have been prepared with immense labor. The Ethnographic was universally acknowledged to have risen in importance on this occasion. There were some excellent papers by Mr. Crawford, General Briggs, the Chevalier Bunsen, and others.

The meeting has not we believe, been considered as remarkable for the matters brought forward; but it was eminently successful as a bringing together of the chief men in the various departments, and in exciting local attention. The university men entered heartily into the business, and were most liberal in the hospitality of their beautiful old halls. The visit of Prince Albert was a remarkable event — not as an honor paid by rank to science, but an honor which rank paid to itself by a deference to science. He came in very unassumingly with the Duke of Saxe Weimar; and after a welcome from the president, took his seat on the platform, to listen for a while to whatever was going on. In the Geological, it chanced that Count Rosen was describing a set of maps of Sweden prepared by its crown-prince, descriptive of, first, the comparative elevation of districts above the sea; second, the degree in which the country is wooded; third, the comparative density of population; fourth, the mines of the country, and lines of road connecting these with the forts. It was interesting to hear of a king's son, and the heir of a crown, devoting himself to a labor of so useful and enlightened a kind. In the Ethnological Section, the two princes were fortunate in hearing a paper by the Chevalier Bunsen; and in Section A they were present while Leverrier and Adams were discussing the particulars of the new planet. A lunch in Exeter College completed their visit. It is said, by those who have the means of knowing, that Prince Albert is a real lover of science, and keeps up a tolerably regular correspondence on various departments of it with his old preceptor, M. Quetelet of Brussels. His visit to Oxford seems a happy expression of this praiseworthy taste. How much it were to be wished that courts were more open to the visits of the learned and the ingenious than they usually are! What a novel lustre would shine round the diadem which became a centre for such lights, in-

stead of merely attracting the *sphyngidæ* and *papilionidæ* of the fashionable world.

Saturday was devoted by most of the members to excursions into the neighbourhood. Many went to Blenheim, to see the house which a nation's gratitude had conferred on Marlborough, with its many rich works of art since added. All came back full of indignation at the insolence of menials, who would hardly allow them to pass without repeated payments of bucksheesh — alleging, with the greatest effrontery, that it was all they had to depend upon, and that they would have to share the proceeds with their employer! Another set went out in all sorts of gigs, cars, and flies, to Shotover Hill, to hear an off-hand lecture on the geology of the district from the indefatigable dean of Westminster. A story ran, that the rustics stared a good deal at the unexpected apparition of so many strangers, and evidently formed a conclusion of their own as to the matter, for one was by and by heard saying to another, "Well, Bill, if I think there's going to be any fighting after all!" We joined the rational section of this day in a visit to the Swindon station of the great Western Railway, where the company have a vast set of works hardly dreamt of by the community. Here, truly, is one of the things to impress the England of the nineteenth century upon our minds. In a range of huge buildings and sheds, no fewer than eleven hundred and sixty men are at work for the production and repair of the mechanism of the railway. In one place the larger pieces of locomotive engines are making; in another the mere bolts, screws, and other minutiae — there, no less than forty lathe-frames are ranged along the floor, in another place we see the pieces of an engine in the course of being put together. A fourth shed, of acre extent, is an infirmary for damaged engines and carriages. In one of these places we were shown a movable crane for lifting the carriages; it was calculated to sustain the weight of thirty tons. In another we inspected a contrivance arranged by the engineer for ascertaining and equalizing the strain on the various parts of a locomotive. It was wonderful to consider what a vast concern a railway of only a hundred and forty miles might become. It has literally given rise to a new town at Swindon, one of course all spick-and-span new — cottages of approved construction, a church and school after the best models, mechanics' institution, reading room, every thing that speaks of progress. We looked into several of the houses, and found that, for three-and-sixpence a week, there was a room below, a room above, a closet, and a yard with appurtenances. They were not faultless residences, but they were generally much superior to any of the old kinds

of houses for the working-classes. There was an air of content very generally spread through the town, and we were told that good health prevailed. The reading-room was a comfortable place, well supplied with newspapers and literary periodicals; also possessing some philosophical instruments and objects of natural history. It was pleasant to see a concert announced to take place in it on an early evening, and to learn that a band playing in a neighbouring field in our honor, was composed of the working-men. There was but one thing to be dissatisfied with — the school. This establishment, being under the care of the National School Society, was furnished only with a few books of a religious tendency, leading on to the Bible. Nothing that speaks of the external world, nothing that can evoke or train the intellectual faculties, has a place here. The Swindon school is constructed on the principle of the Patent Safety Drag, and Locomotion, the genius of the place, has no part in it.

On Sunday the great object of attraction was a sermon preached in St. Mary's Church (the university church), by the Bishop of Oxford (Samuel Wilberforce). Some piquancy was lent to the occasion by a curious accident — namely, that, by virtue of a foundation for the purpose, it must needs be a sermon on humility in the pursuit of knowledge. Before the learned prelate ascended the pulpit, pews and passages were filled with a brilliant audience. Dr. Wilberforce is comparatively young for a bishop, a man of amiable and gracious aspect, with a fine clear voice: a certain element of masculinity is wanting in the visage, yet, on the whole, he is a good looking man. He touched on all kinds of humility, real and affected, and by and by came to consider what was called for on the part of those who devote themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. Being a lover of science himself, it was not to be expected that he should bear hard against it, more especially on an occasion when so many of its votaries were present. Yet neither was it expected that he should yield entirely to its demand to be let alone. The matter was exceedingly well adjusted by a condemnation of all rashness in speculation, all impatience for arriving at general conclusions, and by a strong recommendation — in which all there must have assented — to keep, while studying nature, her Author ever in view. In literature and in delivery this discourse was very masterly; from beginning to end, not one word, or look, or gesture amiss. But the impression left on the mind was, upon the whole, of a discouraging nature. Once more the drag.

During the two remaining days of active business, the affairs of the Association went on with unrelaxing vigor — plenty of papers, plenty of

audience, no slackening in the excitement. There were several lectures on popular subjects in the Radcliffe Library, only one of which — by Faraday — was at all telling; also a soirée in the same place. On the Monday night it being full moon, and the weather of heavenly clearness, we ascended to the leads of the building, and beheld a sight never to be forgotten — Oxford by moonlight! Towers, shooting silently up into the blue sky, and silvered with the lunar rays, met the eye in every direction, relieving the dark square masses of the colleges, which were half seen in shade below. We had never beheld any actual scene which appeared more completely to justify those pictures of Grenada, Con-

stantinople, and other romantic cities which painters present to us, and the truthfulness of which we always suspect till we see the actual places.

At the proper period, this peaceful convention of the best lovers and promoters of peace separated, each glad to have been there, and anxious to be present again. May all that is good ever attend the footsteps of the votaries of science, especially all those who love science without any tincture of love for themselves, and who can bear with the truth, even when it challenges their own prejudices, or threatens to subtract a little from their own misgained honors! — *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

COLLECTANEA.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKSPEARE.

On the skirts of the county of Warwick, situated on the low meadowy banks of a river, there is a little quiet country town, boasting nothing to attract the attention of the traveller but a fine church and one or two antique buildings, with elaborately carved fronts of wood or stone, in the peaceful streets. There would seem to be little traffic in that place; and the passing traveller, ignorant of the locality, would scarcely cast a second look out of his carriage window. But whisper its name into his ear, and hand in hand with his ignorance his apathy will straightway depart! He will order his horse to be stopped. He will descend from his carriage. He will explore those quiet streets. He will enter more than one of the houses in that quiet little town. He will visit that old church; he will pause reverentially before its monuments. He will carry away with him some notes — perhaps some sketches; and remember what he saw and what he felt that day to the very close of his life. Indeed, you seldom fail to see, even in that quiet little town, small groups of people on whose faces and in whose demeanour you will recognize the stranger stamp. There is something to see in those unfrequented streets; and they have come a long way to see it. What wonder? The town is Stratford-on-Avon! It is the birth-place and the burial-place of William Shakspeare. It is with the former we have to do. There is an humble tenement, not long ago a butcher's shop, in one of the streets of Stratford, over the door of which is a board bearing the inscription: — "The Immortal Shakspeare was born in this house." The upper room, which is said to have witnessed the nativity of the poet, is invested with an interest peculiarly its own. The surface of

the walls is one great sheet of autographs, — including many of the most renowned of modern names, — so densely packed together that not a vestige of the original tegument of the wall can be seen. Of all the heart-stirring relics which this old country boasts, there is not one so deeply interesting as this — there is not one which we would less willingly suffer to disappear — there is not one on the removal of which by the sacrilegious hand of modern avarice or utilitarianism would inflict a more lasting reproach upon the nation: and yet, the house is to be sold by auction; and may be carried away piece-meal and cut into tobacco-stoppers! The property is now in the possession of a family which cannot longer retain it among themselves, — and it is therefore to be thrown into the market. The sale, we understand, will take place at the end of some two months from the present time. Among the parties named as the probable purchasers of the hallowed edifice is the corporation of Stratford. But this body is not, we are informed, prepared, perhaps not in a position, to exceed a certain outlay, — and may therefore fail to grasp the prize. The sum which the property is expected to realize is between two and three thousand pounds. There are, it is stated, American "speculators" in the field, who are willing to go as far as the latter sum: — but on this point we have no specific information. The property, however, will go to the highest bidder. An American may carry it off bodily, set it on wheels, as a perambulating raree-show, and take the tour of the United States. A Frenchman may purchase the abode of the "immortal William," pull it down, and make it into snuff-boxes. A Dutchman may cut it into pipes. A Chinaman into card cases. — *Morning Herald*.

DESCRIPTION OF CANNES IN FRANCE, THE
RESIDENCE OF LORD BROUGHAM.

The name of this pretty little town became celebrated on the first of March, 1815, by the landing of Napoleon. He disembarked a short distance to the east, on the coast of the gulf of Jouan. Nothing can be more exquisite than the neighbourhood of Cannes; it is better than Provence and better than Italy. Transport the most smiling landscapes of Switzerland to the shore of a transparent sea; mix with its ever-green firs, vines and olives and orange trees; illumine them with the rays of a softer sun than that of Naples, and you will have the gulf of Napoule. Winter is here known only in name; while Paris is shivering and catching cold, Cannes in the month of January sees carnations and jessamines and roses blossoming under the shade of its citron-groves. The mildness of the climate reacts upon the disposition; it provides in part for the wants of man, and lavishes upon them gifts which elsewhere can only be obtained by labor and toil. Powerful minds have arrived at this conclusion, and have come from afar to dwell in the sunshine of these shores. Lord Brougham in seeking a habitation, took care not to fix upon one at random. Hesitating at first between Nice and Cannes he devoted himself to a comparative study of the aspect, the winds, the sanatory influences of the two regions, and did not build his charming villa at Cannes until he was convinced that its climate is far preferable. His neighbours go so far as to assert that even if Nice had proved victorious in this respect, the noble Lord would nevertheless have yielded to the superiority of the produce and especially of the fish of Cannes; it is in truth between these two gulfs, and nowhere else, that is caught the St. Pierre, the ortolan of ichthyology. The example and the opinion of his Lordship have already attracted several of his countrymen, and an English colony is forming in the outskirts of Cannes, which bids fair to become a rival of the English faubourg of Nice.

— *Revue des deux Mondes.*

MUSICAL TASTE OF BIRMINGHAM.

"Almost all the larger towns of England manifest some one leading taste or other. Some are peculiarly literary, some decidedly scientific; and the taste paramount in Birmingham seems to be a taste for music. In no town in the world are the mechanical arts more noisy: hammer rings incessantly on anvil; there is an unending clang of metal, an unceasing clank of engines; flame rustles, water hisses, steam roars, and from time to

time hoarse and hollow above all, rises the thunder of the proofing-house. The people live in an atmosphere continually vibrating with clamor; and it would seem as if their amusements had caught the general tone, and become noisy like their avocations. The man who for years has slept soundly, night after night, in the neighbourhood of a foundry, awakens disturbed if by some accident the hammering ceases; the imprisoned linnet or thrush is excited to emulation by even the screeching of a knife-grinder's wheel, or the din of a coppersmith's shop, and pours out his soul in music. It seems not very improbable that the two principles on which these phenomena hinge,—principles as diverse as the phenomena themselves,—may have been influential in inducing the peculiar characteristic of Birmingham; that the noises of the place, grown a part of customary existence to its people,—inwrought, as it were, into the very staple of their lives,—exert over them some such unmarked influence as that exerted on the sleeper by the foundry; and that, when they relax from their labors, they seek to fill up the void by modulated noises, first caught up, like the song of the bird beside the cutler's wheel, or coppersmith's shop, in unconscious rivalry of the clang of their hammers and engines. Be the truth of the theory what it may, there can be little doubt regarding the fact on which it hinges. No town of its size in the empire spends more time and money in concerts and musical festivals than Birmingham; no small proportion of its people are amateur performers; almost all are musical critics; and the organ in its great hall, the property of the town, is, with the exception of that of York, the largest in the empire, and the finest, it is said, without any exception."—*First Impressions of England and its People*—By Hugh Miller.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It appears from Dr. A. Hume's "Account of the Learned Societies and Printing Clubs in the United Kingdom," recently published, that there are in England fifty-eight Learned Societies, thirty-one of which hold their meetings in London; in Scotland twenty-one, twelve of which hold their meetings in Edinburgh; and seventeen in Ireland, ten of which meet in Dublin. There are likewise twenty-two Clubs in the United Kingdom which have for their object the reprinting of rare and valuable books and manuscripts.

The East-India Company are evincing considerable anxiety to spread information regarding India. They have granted a sum to enable the

publication of the Text and Indian Commentary of the Veda. Dr. Max Müller, a young German scholar, is the editor; and Professor Wilson will write an English translation. The editor is well qualified for his task. Of the translator our readers know much already.

M. Clemens, professor of natural sciences at the college of Vevay, has been trying the influence of ether on plants. The effect is to destroy all sensitiveness, which does not return for a considerable time. But a second etherization seems to help a return to vigor. The acetic, chlorhydric, and nitric ethers act in the same manner, but the sulphuric and acetic ethers are the most effective.

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THREE LECTURES ON THE MORAL ELEVATION OF THE PEOPLE. By Thomas Beggs. Gilpin. London.

Prolific as the age is in books and pamphlets on the all-important questions of education, and the improvement of the working classes, we have seldom met with sounder views, and a more comprehensive grasping of the subject than we find put forth by Mr. Beggs in his "Three Lectures on the Moral Elevation of the people." All sects, he says, are agreed that the people must be educated, and we coincide with him in opinion that a better knowledge of the human mind is wanted ere it can be effectually accomplished:

"We can read the fate of the human mind emphatically sealed, in those times when conformity to religious faith was enforced by penal statutes, and priests were elevated as hierophants, from whose judgment there was no appeal. We can read it still in those countries where tolerated dissent is unknown. There fanaticism and superstition brood over the minds of the people. There barbarism and sensualism prevail, and hang their heavy clouds over the tomb of intellect, virtue, and knowledge. In condition they are very little better than the Greek helot or the Roman slave. In extensive districts this mental darkness hangs over our population. The ignorance of our people is a stain upon our character as a nation, and the time has come when there will be much danger in neglecting it. Much of the apathy has arisen, no doubt, from the prejudices that prevail, from the imperfection of our present educational scheme, and much from our ignorance of the nature of the being we had to cultivate."

Those who insist upon the necessity of excluding the people from works of art, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, in the belief that the destructive principle is more fully developed in them than in those who have had the advantages of refined culture, are shown by Mr. Beggs to entertain views entirely founded on a misconception of

facts. There is much sterling sense in his arguments. Without investing the poor man with any exceptional or extraordinary taste for objects of refinement, not warranted by his previous training, he says,—

"I do not believe that the mischief which has been done on many occasions and which has justified this charge, has been the work of the laboring classes. The workman is in the habit of using a chisel and mallet, and knows the value of labor too well to spoil its fruits. His first idea in looking at a statue would be the great toil that had dug it from the earth, and the skill which had shaped it into form and beauty. The spoilers are the youths who throng our thoroughfares, living a life of busy idleness, and who are totally uneducated so far as the useful goes. The young gentlemen who wrench off knockers, frequent the saloons or the theatres, and who are learned in the slang of fashionable society; these, I suspect, are the men who lop off shrubs, and rob statues of their fair proportions."

Mr. Beggs is not far from the prevailing misapprehensions respecting the Prussian systems of education, of which he speaks in terms of severe condemnation. It is quite true that the primary schools of Prussia teach little more than reading, writing, and arithmetic, like the so-called "National" school of this country, but the failure of the Prussian government in elevating the mind of the people, does not lie in the organization of its schools for children, which is at least better than our own, but in the defects of its institutions as adapted for men. We rejoice, however, to recognize in Mr. Beggs a friend and fellow-laborer for the attainment of higher objects than instruction in the merely elementary principle of mechanical knowledge.

HOME AND ITS INFLUENCE. By the Honorable Adela Sidney. 3 vols. Bentley.

So short a time has elapsed since Miss Aguilar, under the title of *Home Influence*, published a graceful and feeling domestic story, that we scarcely think the present writer should so soon have infringed upon that very important domain—the realm of title pages—the value of which publishers are always acquainted with, and which writers very soon learn. The present work contains three tales, illustrative of home life—of which we think "Dinah" is the best. It is intended to show the evil of too much method and too little feeling—of that meddling, overbearing disposition, which seeks to keep every thing in fit subjection, and to regulate home with the punctuality of a machine. There are other things requisite to throw a charm over domestic life, besides order and regularity—good things enough in themselves, but evil, if all spontaneity, all affectionate impulse, all natural gaiety and generosity of temperament, be utterly sacri-

ficed to the mechanical propriety of an establishment going by clock-work. This truth Miss Sidney has illustrated with much success. The stories are written, if with no great amount of literary ability, with much good-feeling and lady-like simplicity; there are signs of youth and inexperience for which certain manifest indications of a graceful and ingenuous mind amply compensate, and on the whole we may fairly congratulate Miss Sidney on having written nothing to the discredit of a name which is the embodiment of all that is courtly and accomplished.

LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By J. M. McCulloch, D. D., Minister of the West Church, Greenock. Second edition; with Additions and Supplementary notes. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1847.

This little essay is written in a pleasing, popular style, and displays considerable research, and an extensive acquaintance with the subject. The valuable labors of Bishops Lowth and Jebb, are, as a matter of course, properly referred to, and the author duly acknowledges the assistance derived from them in their particular walk of biblical literature; but it is evident that he has himself devoted much attention to this, as well as the other branches of the inquiry, which is one that will amply repay all who enter upon it in a proper spirit. Dr. McCulloch's book may safely be recommended as a very useful introduction to the study of Literary Characteristics of the Scriptures.

THE BIRDS OF JAMAICA. By Philip Henry Gosse, assisted by Richard Hill, Esq., of Spanish Town. Van Voorst. London.

Mr. Gosse is in love with his subject. The minute details—the evidence of persevering industry and research, and the fine descriptions scattered throughout his present work, proclaim his fondness for a naturalist's life. His book abounds with life-like incidents, and its principal charm is in the truth and freshness of its matter. The plan of "The Birds of Jamaica" is perfectly regular, the families being introduced under their respective orders, and the species classed under their families. The vulgar and learned names of the species are given at the head of each chapter, and the ornithological description in a foot-note, the chapter itself consisting of a narrative of Mr. Gosse's experience, gathered from ocular observation.

The most interesting paper in the book is that on humming-birds. Mr. Gosse has expended much time with these delicate beauties; he has attempted to domesticate them, and with some success; and to bring them to England alive; but in this his efforts have been fruitless. The

least change in their mode of life seems to kill them. Mr. Gosse believes that the great reason of their death was the absence of their proper insect-food. In short "The Birds of Jamaica" will be an interesting book to the general reader, and a useful addition to the naturalist's library.

THE VOCATION OF THE SCHOLAR. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated from the German by William Smith. London: John Chapman. 1847.

The present publication may be considered introductory to the previously published "Nature of the Scholar," by the same author. It consists of five lectures, delivered at Jena, to an audience composed of students from all departments of the University. The author "sets forth the vocation of man as an individual and as a member of society; the sources of the different classes into which society is divided, and the duties arising from these distinctions; and lastly, the vocation of that particular class whose separate calling has its origin in the common desire of man to know, and who have chosen the acquisition and imparting of knowledge as their share of the general labors of the race." Mr. Carlyle's opinion of Fichte is fully borne out by the present lectures; for no one can read them without feeling that whether his opinions are true or false, "his character, as a thinker, can be slightly valued only by such as know it ill."

BYWAYS OF HISTORY FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Mrs. Percy Sinnett. In Two Volumes. Longman. London.

The above is the simple and unpretending title of one of the most important chapters of human history. The history not of political chieftains, nor of an ecclesiastical hierarchy, but of the struggles of the working classes against both, for the right to the enjoyment of the fruits of their own industry. The subject relates to the peasant war of Germany; embraces a graphic sketch of the previous condition of the mass of the German people, the oppression of the priests and nobles, and the fearful retribution by which they were overtaken. The tale is well told. Mrs. Sinnett has great skill as a narrator. Her style is most felicitous; abounding with playful touches, sometimes reminding us of the quaint humor of Carlyle, and her dramatic grouping of the various incidents of the war is powerfully effective. The two volumes (to which we may return) contain an instructive lesson, and are conveyed in a form which must ensure the work a favorable reception with the public.

WORKS ANNOUNCED FOR PUBLICATION.

Among the works which are announced for speedy publication in Europe is one of which very high expectations are formed. The author is the celebrated Salvador, whose "History of the Institutions of Moses" involved him in numerous controversies. His new work will bear the title "*Histoire de la domination romaine en Judée et de la ruine de Jérusalem.*" (History of the Roman dominion in Judea and of the destruction of Jerusalem.) From the introduction, which has already been published in a literary journal, it appears that in the author's opinion the political importance of the Israelites in the old world has hitherto been much undervalued. It will be his aim to depict more especially the strenuous opposition which they made to the encroaching spirit of the Roman empire; for as "the Romans are the foremost nation of the world as the instrument of attack, of conquest, and of dominion, so do the Israelites appear to be the type of strength and of moral endurance in resisting." The carrying out of this idea cannot, in spite of the author's well known prejudices, do otherwise than produce an interesting book.

In England the following works are on the point of issuing from the press: —

Academical and occasional Sermons. With a preface on the Present Position of the Church of England. By the Rev. J. Keble.

Primeval Antiquities. The olden times of Denmark and England, illustrated by Antiquities found in Gravehills or Barrows. By J. J. A. Warsaæ, of Copenhagen. With numerous Additions and Illustrations of similar remains in England.

The Prize Cartoons. Exhibited in Westminster Hall. Published under the Sanction and Patronage of Her Majesty's Commissioners on the Fine Arts. Eleven Engravings. \$25.

Levana, or the Doctrine of Education. Translated from the German of Jean Paul Richter.

Southey's Commonplace-book.

The Legends of Saints and Martyrs; their Lives and Acts, Characters, Habits, Attributes, and Emblems, as illustrated by Art, from the earliest Ages of Christianity to the Present Time. By Mrs. Jameson. With numerous Etchings by the Author, and Woodcuts.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ENGLAND.

Arnold's (T. K.) Selections from Cicero, Pt. I. Orations, 4s.

Bagster's Chronological Scripture Atlas, small 4to. 10s. 6d.

Bennet's (W.) Six Weeks in Ireland, 2s.

Chambers's (R.) Spelling Book of Utility, 2nd ed. 1s. 6d.

Ciocci's (R.) Narrative of Iniquities, and Barbarities, &c. practised at Rome in the nineteenth century, 2s. 6d.

Coghlan's (F.) Hand-Book for Italy, 2nd ed. enlarged, 12s.

Cousins's (Rev. D. L.) Diary of a Workhouse Chaplain, 6s.

Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History, 4th ed. 7s.

Greig's (W.) Flower Grower's Instructor, 1s. 6d.

Henderson's (Mrs.) Scripture Lessons, (Acts), 2 vols. 5s.

Indicator and Dynamometer, with Practical Applications, 4s. 6d.

Kerigan's (T.) Anomalies of the Theory of the Tides, 2s.

Lawson's (Rev. J. P.) Bible Cyclopædia, Vol. I. Biography. 10s.

Mill's (Rev. Dr.) Analysis of Bishop Pearson on the Creed, 2nd ed. 5s.

Newton's (Emma) the Modern Unbeliever, 4s.

Nights of the Round Table, 2s.

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Sheppard's (Rev. J. G.) Christian Obligations of Citizenship, 7s. 6d.

Wilson's (Rev. E.) Naturalist's Poetical Companion, illustrated, 7s. 6d.

FRANCE.

Voyage de la commission scientifique du Nord, en Scandinavie, &c. Par M. Xav. Marmier. Paris.

Etudes des mœurs Algériennes. Par S. H. Berthoud. Paris. \$1,50.

Voyage au pôle sud et dans l'Océanie. Par M. J. Dumont d'Urville. Paris.

Mémoires du général Pépé sur les principaux événements politiques et militaires de l'Italie moderne. Paris. \$3,60.

Histoire du clergé de France depuis l'introduction du christianisme dans les Gaules jusqu'à nos jours. Par J. Bousquet. Paris. \$1.

Les Noviciats littéraires ou coup d'œil historique sur la condition des hommes de lettres en France depuis cinquante ans. Par Fr. Pérennes. Paris. \$1.

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Liberté du commerce, l'origine, les torts, et la chute prochaine du système entravant. Par A. E. Sterk. La Haye.

La Russie et les Russes. Par N. Tourgueneff. Paris. \$4,50.

Recherches sur les populations primitives et les plus anciennes traditions du Caucase. Par M. Vivien de St. Martin. Paris.

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Der moderne Pietismus und der Christliche Glaube. Von Dr. A. Schröder. Potsdam.

Beiträge zur mystischen Theologie. Von F. A. v. Besnard. Augsburg.

Die Katholische Kirche in ihrer gegenwärtigen Ausbreitung auf der Erde. Von P. Karl vom heil. Aloys, Priester. Regensburg. \$1,50.

Peitho, die Göttin der Ueberrudung. Von O. Jahn. Greifswald. 25c.

Umriss zu Dante's göttlicher Comödie. Von Bonav. Genelli. München.

Die Sänger unserer Tage. Blätter aus dem

deutschen Dichterwald der Gegenwart. Von Prof. Dr. H. E. Apel. Altenburg.

Gedichte von Em. Geibel. 7th ed. Berlin. \$1,80.

Atta Troll. Ein Sommernachtstraum, von H. Heine. Hamburg. \$1.

Die Gracchen und ihre nächsten Vorgänger. Vier Bücher Römischer Geschichte, von K. W. Nitzsch. Berlin. \$2.

Die Anfänge des Symbolzwanges unter den Protestanten. Von Dr. C. Johannsen. Leipzig. \$2,35.

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